THE LITTLE REVIEW

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

OF ART AND LETTERS

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COLLABORATING IN THIS NUMBER—

JEAN TOOMER—O. ZADKINE—MAXWELL BODENHEIM—EUGENE MAC COWN—CARL RAKOSI—THEO VAN DOESBERG—CAESAR ZWASKA—CEDRIC MORRIS—LETT HAINES—N. GRANOVSKY—LOUIS GRUDIN—E. CARNEVALI—RENÉ CREVEL—N. ASCH—W. C. G. JITRO—J. K. BONSET—BARONESS VON FREYTAG—LOUIS LAZOWICK—jh—ETC.....

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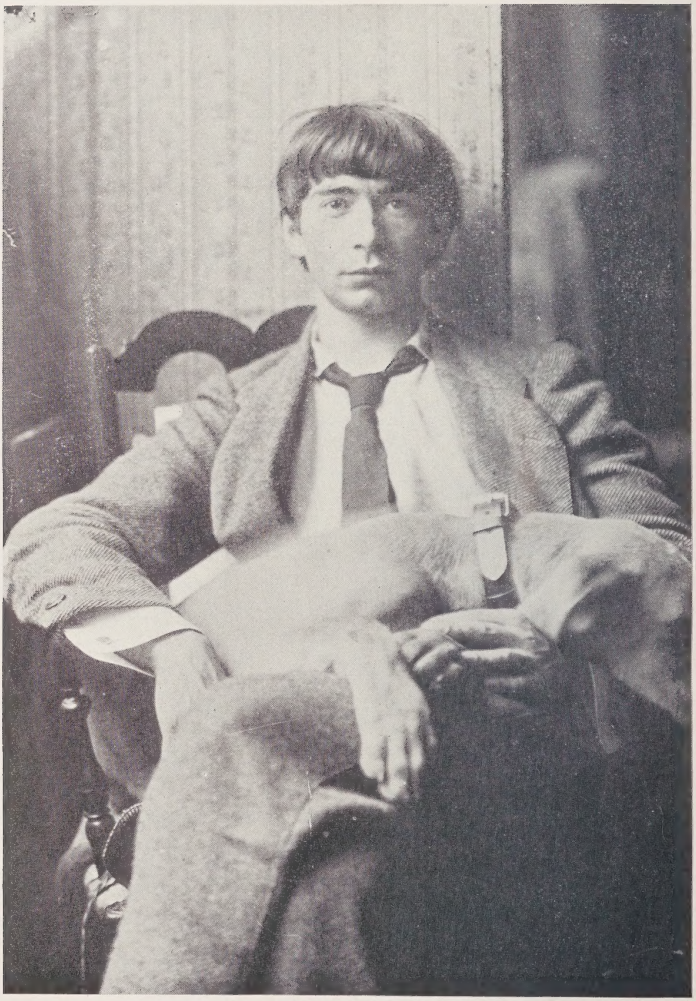


O. ZADKINE

EASTER

THE SCENE started slow enough. Though many people talked as if in effort to avert catastrophy. It sounded like flies buzzing in a monkey house. No lions roared: it was not time that slabs of red meat be fed them. Though people stood about anticipating this, until one woman blushed at something that went on in a cage nearby. Her agitation struck the house and tottered it. It seemed as though the odor of tame animals might condense and pelter everyone with grafted monsters. The sight of these can set eyes in permanent wry angles, or turn hair white instantly. Only a slim chance of a dove's descending.

No eagles screamed. The feathers on their necks were wet. Bones, from which the tissue had been clawed, lay like stinking rocks beneath them. Buzzards, gliding earthward, left the high air which their beaks polluted, perched upon the limbs of nearby fir trees and were envious of birds that men took care of, particularly. But sparrows hopped, twittering, between the legs of fowl too awkward to protect themselves. These sparrows had nests to build for sparrow eggs. Thus engaged, they were unmindful of the peacock that spread the colors of a man across the landscape.

The landscape was vernal. Young tender things like blades of grass were pushing sunward. Spring guided fresh winds along the course of brooks and rivers and through the curly hair of children. For you, dear lambs, we bend, embrace, and give what wealth we have. Their curls were golden. The odor they gave off was sweet. The prophets knew them, and, for the marvel of their hands, yielded to be led to heaven. While even then, on earth, flies, monkies, lions, eagles, buzzards, sparrows, peacocks, and three men found the single lyric of all binding.

Things dragged on in this fashion over many hours. Then something happened. Four hundred and sixty-six hastily got up and left the place. Their going was a single wind that hit the eaves with open pipes for whistling ten miles off. There remained two hundred.

(The scene was gathering momentum.)

These, it seems, were passionally given to the discussion of diverse topics. Their words, strings, that wound fat balls about the subjects. The balls were set up like ten-pins and bowled over. In the midst of this clatter, a bootlegger stood up. He had a plea to make. He could not write it. But everyone attended to him. In substance, what he said was this: he felt in duty bound to utilize his wealth for liberal education. He claimed, that though his money had come easy it had come dangerously. Someone was delegated to instruct him in l' Histoire des Mongols de la Djami el-Teravik de Fadl Allah Rashid ed-Din. Then something happened. One hundred and ninety-four persons jumped up and beat it, leaving a mere handful. Leaving, in fact, six.

Of those who left, the following may be recounted.

One woman found herself on a dim street rowed with similar squat houses. One of these was her house. Which, she could not tell, for she felt dizzy and the houses spun about her. She leaned against a lamp post, seeking support from it. A policeman approached. "Officer," she asked, "will you be kind enough to help me to my house? I am faint, the houses spin about me, and without help I fear that I cannot find it." He said, "You know your house when you see it, don't you? Well, when yours comes by just jump upon it." She did, and found herself in a dark room which contained these words in bold figures: Give up, or get out. Theoretically it was possible to choose between them. Practically, it was impossible to get out. So she gave herself up to the mechanics of the bawdy house, not, however, without a sly eye on her conduct.

A preacher went to Bethlehem, and posted this proclamation:

> We are coming toward Holy Week, and unless we can come together at the Cross, unless we are one in Christ we are not Christians, and this step toward the unification of the Methodist Church North and the Methodist Church South is a step toward making all one in Christ.

An excited youth ran up to 125th and 7th Avenue. Three corners were already occupied, by the Salvation Army, the

Mormons, and a soap-boxer for liberty-bonds, respectively. He took the fourth and cried, "We are come to that place where the mollusk's praise is magnified; but where huge cries become inaudible before they reach the ear-drums."

Another cried, "Who hath betrayed our women? that for seed we bring them splinters, that for men they bring forth froth."

Another cried, "Who hath withdrawn the calcium, blood, air, and wine that we remain soft children."

An old laborer cried, "What is to profit me for my agony."

A giant strode into the North River, and asked, whimsically, "Who, stranded between fair islands would not gaze in whichever way the wind blew."

Certain of these sentences were begun in New York and finished in Los Angeles.

An ungainly fellow had his picture taken by a street photographer.

An infant took a Pullman, and, before curling in his berth, took out his diary and wrote: For an hour interval between the nine-month struggles I find a couch and lay upon it, contemplating the two directions.

A philosopher went to his study and wrote: A latent sum may be actualized and become an individual number. A sum, however, is but the last figure of a sequence.

A psychologist made the following note: There are times when the head feels as if it were an entity within itself, autonomous, distinct from the neck and throat, in fact, entirely separate from the rest of the organism. And there are other times when it appears as though the head, neck, upper chest, and heart formed one body. It is as if these four separate units blended to a single shape, texture, and vibration. Then this form is separate and distinct from that section of the organism below the heart.

A man returned to Washington and sent a letter to a friend. It ran: Ghosts of myself are thick upon these streets. The place is animate and melancholy with dead bodies.

Another walked up to another friend and quietly said to him, "Tell me, who has hurt you, that you scald, and yet are broken out in warts and pimples."

Another said, "See a body, slantwise, from above downward,

and you will remark its beauty."

Another went to his room and fell asleep. A deep sleep, a dead sleep. He remained in this state for many hours. When he awoke it was twilight. When he awoke,—it was not to bed, carpet, chairs, walls, windows, a meal, a smoke, some date that he must hurry to, that he awoke. An essence shrouded him. It would have struck his heart with terror had he been separate from it . . . It gradually broke into the prismic aspects of ordinary waking. He muttered something, throwing the remark backward over his shoulder, with a shiver, got up, hurried with his shave, bath, and dressing, and went out to dinner.

A poet descended a subway station, and, as test case, wrote the following verse. Ah, there was a time when lilacs were her breath before my door. And no flower spread sunward, if not to call me from one dream to a sweeter one. The flowers, her breath, that door, were trinitied, believe me, haloed to give soft hostage to my supplications. From my window I could see great mountains curve, simply to display their loveliness. Likewise with the rivers, all misty things, and the shifting clouds. The rains blessed, thunder and lightning challenged. While snow, yes, you know it, the silver snow, silent, falling . . . But now I know that no spade can ever clear this ground. Be confessed, therefore, to chemicals. And lift but thy smallest finger up to God.

A woman, finding herself acute with child, asked an old man to call a taxi. He died while she was speeding toward the lying-in hospital. Experts received her, and her labor started. A few moments after the child came forth, he amazed everyone by ordering his mother out of bed to run an errand for him.

Of the six who remained within that house, these formed a group, huddling together. They thumbed the calendar. This being the third of April it was clear that there were ten days to go. How they could bear it was beyond them. At the climax of their torture the earth split open and he arose and shook himself like a dog from water. The handful gasped and fled the place. Small pipes whistled ten miles off. Finding the house vacant, he sat down again to meditate on thoughts the expression of which had been so long denied him.

He began thus:

Thou, immeasurable source and boundary—

Then something about flies, or monkeys, or lions beset him and routed what he was trying to formulate. He tried again. This time, something about eagles, buzzards, sparrows, peacocks, prophets, or three men drove one perfect line into the wilderness. He fought like hell, but then concluded that he had better quote. He said:

> See him who assumes all forms, the golden, who knows all things, who ascends highest, alone in his splendour, and warms us; the thousand-rayed, who abides in a hundred places, the spirit of all creatures, the Sun, rises.

The magic worked, and allowed him to form the following sentences: Let God be given as the cause of all, himself uncaused, uncreate, and unborn. There is no perfection higher than his being, nor is he in need of a single act or creature to complete himself. Wherefor then should he conceive?

While his mind roamed in pursuit of the possible answers, all manner of things, numbering six hundred and sixty-six, beset him: flies, monkeys, lions, meat, monsters, eagles, buzzards, sparrows, peacocks, landscapes, rivers, Spring, prophets, children pipes, ten-pins, a bootlegger, de Fadl Allah Rashid ed-Din, a woman who gave up and watched herself, crying men, a laborer, a giant, an infant, a philosopher, psychologist, poet, a man, a woman, another man, what they had said and done, the vast movements they were subject to, and a calendar.

His mind returned with the preacher who posted the proclamation in Bethlehem.

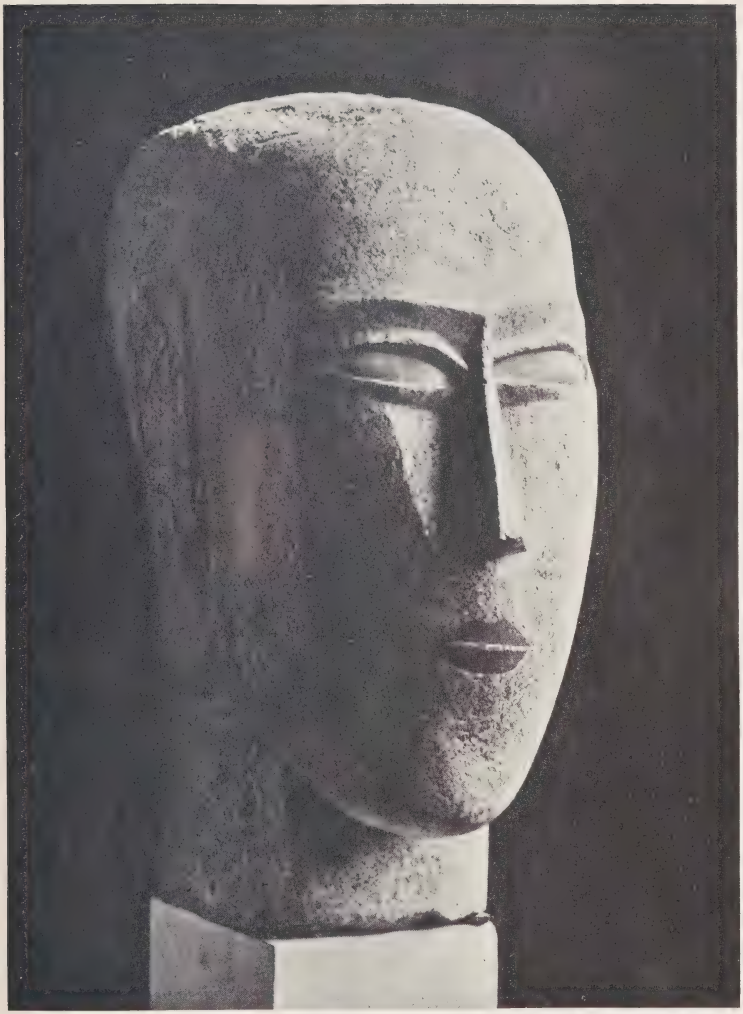
JEAN TOOMER

PARADE OF ADJECTIVES

EXALTED WORD of men—"wings"—
Meaning less than nothing,
If such were metaphysically
Possible, and only showing
Flesh afraid to tramp
Openly upon the earth
And flesh that flies up to an empty,
Prearranged, inconsequential sky.
Hopping smirk within their voices
Where rising costs no effort of the soul,
They cry out: "Wi-i-ings," which, like their everlasting
"Bee-oo-ti-ful" and "lo-ove-liness," receives
The swiftly bought, sweet vision of a flight
Into every known variety
Of once-impressive, mind-obscuring mist,
While their thoughts and emotions
Remain within the compromise
And witless violence of earth.
Every day one thousand men
Write of "wings," "magnificent
Sincerity," "profound experience
Of earth," "a state of contemplation
Where all the senses and the judgments
Become suspended and harmonious" —
We pause to let the mind
Retch —and these men find
Prizes, honors, paper napkins —
The garbage left each morning
By Art and Intellect
After they finish breakfast.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

THE PROPHET (Wood—1914) BY O. ZADKINE



HEAD OF YOUNG MAN (Stone and Marble—1924) BY O. ZADKINE

THE ACCORDIAN PLAYER (Wood—1924) BY O. ZADKINE

SCULPTURE (Stone—1923) BY O. ZADKINE

LYNCHED NEGRO

YOUR DOWNCAST, harlequin, defenceless face
Was turned to ashen flakes, and wavered up
In lightly shapeless impotence upon
The sprightly scandals of a morning wind.
The hands of other men fell on your breast,
Like scores of scorpions instinctively
Expelled from jungle-spots within their hearts.
Your blood, in fine, quick problems, spattered out
Upon the morning air that studied them
And left complete, dry answers on your skin.
(O what is life but cold arithmetic
Where fractions serve as subtleties and add
Refinement to the rise and fall of dull,
Blunt numbers shuffled indisputably:
And what is death but mathematics where
The numbers graduate to higher planes
And leave a "terrifying" interest?)
Yet something beyond pain within your shriek
Would indicate, black man, that sky-large brains
Can stumble in their count and recognize
An eerie, unrelenting quality
Forever in revolt against their plans.
Emotion and its choking metaphors
Insist that two times two is never quite
The four that "life" methodically brands
On nations and the ceaseless pain of men.
You were accused of tendering a strong,
Experimental hatred to the frail,
Intense obstruction of a woman's flesh,
And endlessly you squawked your innocence,
But crime and justice do not live beyond
The point where death, with one, efficient whim,
Corrects the tongues of churlish, bungling men.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

SITTINGROOM BY PATINKA

I FOUND Miss Levi in a plush repose,
counting the curves pitched in her portly mirrors
by seven bored and pygmy globes. Her floors
were tourmaline supporting topaz standards.
Moist for the mouthing of mild platitudes,
here evenings passed Venetian glasses and
oak planes through green transitions. Walnut backs
diffused her satin cases. She seemed faint,
ecstatic in her parlor sunsets, stamping
her wronged head on an old medallion.

The cisterns warbled the October rain
on afternoons. We listened into green
designs of gloom like sleepers. "Carl, I feel
the musings of profuse dim meistersingers."
Her meanings muffle dark interiors
which were an invocation to the sun.
"We mix with carbonates and corals on
pelagic passes where prawns sail like passions."
Sea-spiders hobble from my hair, my eyes
shall twinkle into octagons of frost."

She heard a subway of demotic voices,
scoffing at all unmusical dispassions.
Their basses settled in a dantesque laughter,
while icy faint buffoons profaned rich prescience.
She said a lodge of hairless ponderors
would stand in choir while the infant dawns
poured tea, to chant the aufklarung of men.
Obsessions died among her sweet liqueurs
and pungent bottles. She would stir cool coffee
and feel the messengers of void encroach.

While swallows chittered in the hush and light
and gray gulls skated ciphers over June,

a band of trumpets called a fierce refrain
for thud of blond divines from Palestine,
whose footsteps drowned the ariette of birds.
And when her schoolmen passed like prophesy
and mighty infants, she could not affront
their high detachment with her bungled pathos.
Their white feet were an exhalation of
the lovely sin of death for they were bawds.

CARL RAKOSI

THE JANUARY OF A GNAT

SNOW PANELS, ice pipes, house the afternoon
whose poised arms lift prayer with the elm's antennae.
She has her wind of swift burrs, whose spiel is gruff,
scanning the white mind of the winter moon
with her blank miles. Her voice is lower than the
clovers or the bassviol of seastuff.

So void moons make a chaste anabasis
across the stalks of star and edelweiss,
while Volga nixies and Munich six
o'clock hear in the diaphane the rise
of one bassoon. So the immense frosts fix
their vacant death, bugs spray the roots like lice.
High blizzards broom the cold for answer to
their ssh of vapors and their vowel ooo

CARL RAKOSI

FLORA AND THE OGRE

LET HER quince knees sag
and the toy arcs of the dew
and daisy
guide her mild feet,
her torso is no more to me than
the woodcut of a nun.

In a peignoir that snows to her ankles,
she paces the movement
of sun and dark,
and her step is like the pulse of lilies.

All motion blurs the scented yaw of her skirts . . .
(linen like the subsiding of labials,
Like the undertow in the veins)
While the three tenses
faltered between her painful thighs,
a wind of scarves rose.
Will no briny thunderbrunt
or green chill
deliver me from naughty wishes?

CARL RAKOSI

GOTTRIESE.

ER IST WELT ALLEIN—
ALS SEINES GLEICHEN MISST KEIN ANDRER

VOM HIRNZENIT ABPRALLT SCHEIN—
SINNAUSSONDERND DEM RIESEN-WANDRER

ELSA VON FREYTAG

WALKÜREN

FLAMM IST GRAU
EINST WAR SIE ROT
FLAMM IST GRAU GEWORDEN—

LÄG ICH IM GRABBETT ——
LACHENDTOT
AN DER KÜSTE —
IM NORDEN.

IM SAND STECKT EINE KNOCHENFRAU
GRANITEN ECKT DER NAM —
FLAMM ZERKNITTERTE —
ASCH SCHLACK GRAU —
IM HERZEN
DIESER DAM.

MUTTERS ZUFLUCHTSTRAUTER TRON
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LEBEN
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DEM KARDINAL DER PASSION —
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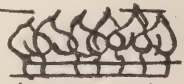


E.v F.L

ELSA VON FREYTAG

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

QUESTIONNAIRE

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

IF "Processional" is a jazz symphony of American life
why did the band play "Je cherche après Titine"?
What makes Waldo Frank?
Who makes the lively arts deadly?
How much does Stieglitz O'Keeffe?
If he saw "Love for Love" would Congreve?
Have you ever been vildracked?
Whose pockets does the Theatre Guild?
Button Button who pressed the Button?
How near is Thomas Beer?
Did he tire under the elms or did Eugene O'Neill to the great
god Ho Kum?
Who is the sadist writer in America?
How often is Willard Huntington Wright?
Is Mencken more and more a moron or less and less a lesson?

GAI SABER

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

EUGENE MAC COWN, peintre ingenu

EXACTITUDE of complicated foliage, a little lake whose transparency is adorned with fragile circles, for horses' hoofs and innocent feet of young boys rejoice in the fresh water, smooth shores, shores not of sand but of skin, with caresses sweeter for being vague, amorous shores of the bodies that the sun itself has painted, an ocean which makes a song of foam to the glory of young men with clasped hands, and in a sky of enigma little clouds which know what they wish but will never tell us, these details whose mosaic is called happiness and which surprise our eyes and our hands, Eugene MacCown has gathered into the most dear of landscapes in order to make blossom canvasses innocent of vanity, tramways and evil.

His heart open to a world sometimes haunted by sorceresses, when there comes to him a fear of open arcades with facades, because he does not wish to become a victim of some confused fright or of some romantic facility, he seeks protection in the contours of a pitcher, blue and formal. The pitcher performs a miracle, and groups peasants, trees, houses. Eugene MacCown can then rejoice and in the beautiful indifference of such flexibility of the wrist, see, once for all, that a certain aristocracy of body and of soul allows gestures, every gesture of our life to be a marvellous symbol. Henceforth he has no longer need of any help and because the liberty of his dreams alone exalts him, he keeps himself pure and from nightmares, be they equal to himself, still robust in his candour and already more clairvoyant but always free from the memory of sin, memory which condemns to contrary and heartrending fancies those who have not found their way, the way without name.

It is along this route without name that Eugene MacCown has met this young woman who put all the love of the world into the caress of her fingers scarcely touching the least carnal of flowers.

Without fear of the little logical terrors, indifferent to the remonstrances of the daily virtues, he continues his voyage to

TENTATIVES MUSICALES BY EUGENE MAC COWN

CHARLATANS FABULEUX BY EUGENE MAC COWN

SIESTA BY EUGENE MAC COWN

NOSTALGIA BY EUGENE MAC COWN

the country of innocence and applies himself in all ingenuousness, to painting what he sees in his soul, in his hand, in the sun.

October 1924 **RENÉ CREVEL**
Translated by Florence Reynolds

THE OFFICE

THE OFFICE is on a certain floor of a tall building downtown.

The office consists of three rooms: one large, one small, and a third divided into smaller cubicles.

The office has furniture: desks, tables, soft chairs, hard chairs, telephones, tickers, typewriters, ledgers, files, a blackboard, steel engravings in frames, a telephone switchboard, a financial library in a glass front case, spittoons, door mats.

The office is cleaned from midnight until four o'clock by old charwomen from West Street.

The office is opened by Mr. Zuckor.

The office is filled with people: senior partner, trading partner, floor partner, junior partner, traders, telephone clerks, salesmen, bookkeepers, comparison clerks, messenger boys, guards, porters.

The office is filled with customers who buy and sell securities which are the blood of the nation's life.

The office is filled with noise, confusions, rallies, panics, downward movements, upward movements, stiffenings, weakenings, voices, shouts, laughs, cries.

The office is the scene of some men's successes and other men's failures.

The office is the central point of the nation's business.

The office is the most important point in the nation.

The office is the most feared point in the nation.

The office gives its employees a living; they work in it, and in return they receive pay, for which they buy food, clothing, shelter, amusements, pay the doctor, the undertaker, pay taxes.
The office is responsible for its employees' existence.
The office occupies the larger part of its employees' waking hours.
The office occupies all of its employees' attention.
The office is the scene of all of its employees' ambitions.
The office is the scene of all of its employees' hopes.
The office is the most important thing these people think about.
The office is the reason of these peoples' existence.
The office can stop, and these people will die.

NATHAN ASCH

COMMENTS

EXILES: At last Joyce's "Exiles" has been produced. The Neighborhood Playhouse has won a leaf or two of laurel. When "Ulysses" began to appear in the Little Review we began to get letters from the intellectual theatres in the large cities asking us about Rights and if we knew etc. about "Exiles" production? Earnest persons came to us and asked—"didn't we think that the 'Theatre Guild,' if it really wanted to do something, should give 'Exiles' "? Ida Rauh tried several times to get it put on at the Provincetown Playhouse, but John Quinn, who represented Mr. Joyce, was afraid of the Provincetown properties and wanted a decently furnished living-room, guaranteed, before he would talk rights. Now it has been produced and . . . the living-room was all right.

We once had a symposium on "Exiles" in the Little Review . . . . I was in the symposium and after knowing more Joyce and after seeing the play, I do not change what I tried to say at that time: the conflict is the conflict of quality. This quality, as I am using the word, can best be compared to fine and coarse mesh nets. A person equipped with a fine mesh net catches im-

pressions, emotions, realizations, whole worlds that easily slip through the mesh of coarser nets. Richard, the husband is one of these with the fine mesh net, his wife and his friend have the coarse mesh nets of the rest of the world. Naturally, one builds up his world and understands life from the things he finds in his net. Where this difference in quality exists, people are literally "worlds apart," there is no communication possible: Exiles. The wife and the friend do not understand Richard's words, his suffering, his motives, his personal aristocracy. Richard understands that they are alike, he does not suffer because they are about to betray him, he suffers because he cannot put upon them his special illumination about life and love, he wants them to act as they could not act, perhaps, in a succession of lives.

AESTHETES 1925: How could the group that made up Aesthetes 1925 send out anything, so under the auspices of poverty? . . . especially when it was meant to be an answer to men holding fat commercial jobs. We know just how much money the artist hasn't got, but there are types—faces, sizes, arrangements, spacings that can give the slap in the face—(the contents did not)—and the cost would have been no greater. And—wasn't it rather a poverty of spirit to devote an entire magazine to Mr. Ernest Boyd? Mr. Boyd is, I believe, just a regular professional literary man. He may at any time write an article that no one likes . . . it is his business . . . don't interfere with Business. And it was quaint of him to bring the word Aesthete back into the language when no one living today even knows what it means.

JOSEPH STELLA: Stella's exposition, at the Dudensing Galleries, which closed a few days ago, gave one a feeling of great amazement . . . until one remembered Stella. In the last few years we have come to think of "New York Impressions," "Brooklyn Bridge," "Gas Tanks," "Pittsburg"—when we think of Stella. This show was like one of those wish-dreams everyone used to talk about when we were so psychoanalytic. At least, it was a complete rejection of the mechanical world of today, in its subject material but in the treatment he remembered the colours he has seen in electric

displays and in fireworks,—the lines of cities and machines. He has gone on a holiday with all the birds, flowers, fish, and gentler fauna. When I was a child I once saw a print of the christ-child out for a walk with the entire animal kingdom . . . I doubted but I thought it good sport . . . . I think Stella's show good sport. His "Birth of Venus," with all the fish of the sea in adoration, could only have been painted by an Italian of Stella's fervour and gaiety.

THE INDEPENDENTS: This year the Independents did not exist,—except for a small group at one end of the Waldorf Roof, more or less modern, more or less Cubist. Where were the dear wild ones? . . . gone—the show was dull,—dead.

We have always looked forward, each spring, to the Independents, as we look forward to the Circus. We usually gathered a group of painters and idiots and went in a body. We rolled through the galleries, weeping with joy, shaking with fear, leaning together in pyramids of weakness before some masterpiece of the "I never had a lesson" or "I paint to express myself" schools of Art. Later we moved on to supper and spent the rest of the night in hilarious attempts to invent a name that the true artist might adopt and leave the name Artist to the intoxicated-in-paint—jh.]

CONTRIBUTORS

O. ZADKINE: One of the foremost of the small number of good sculptors in the world today. Masterly technique, keeps life of the material, a very personal treatment of form that gives great life to his work. Russian. Has lived much in England, now in Paris. In February of this year held a very successful show, at the Galerie Barbazanges, in Paris. On the second of May he will open a big one-man show in Antwerp. His work was first reproduced in America, in the Little Review. Pastels and water-colours being shown at Little Review Gallery.

EUGENE MAC COWN: Very young American painter working in Paris. Held his first exposition at the Galerie Léonce Rosenberg, from March 16 to April 4, this year.

GAI SABER: Knows you.

N. GRANOVSKY: Russian Constructivist living in Paris. Made the constructivist decor for the "Coeur a Gaz," by T. Tzara. Has just completed some beautiful and fragile constructions, which we hope to show in our gallery, next autumn.

THEO VAN DOESBURG: Dutch architect, painter, writer and editor. Has designed, executed and decorated many public and private buildings in Holland. Editor of magazine "STIJL." Work to be seen at Little Review Gallery.

SUZANNE ROGER: French. Uses no colour in her work. Photographs by courtesy Galerie Simon.

I. K. BONSET: Dutch. First published in "Stijl." The typography of poems indicates proper scoring.

CARL RAKOSI: Is an Hungarian. Since coming to America, at an early age he has lived much of the time in Wisconsin. He is now working and writing in New York.

CAESAR ZWASKA: When the history of the Little Review is written, we'll tell about "Caesar." In the meantime—Carl Sandburg once said of him . . . " He may not have read or seen or met or drunk as much as Huneker but . . . " Let us prevent it!

LOUIS LAZOWICK: Russian painter, living in New York. Has been included in German, Russian and French books on modern art. Has just published a book on Modern Russian Art.

LOUIS GRUDIN: Young American poet. Has appeared in "Broom" etc.

CEDRIC MORRIS: English painter, working in Paris. He is destroying the superstution that there are no good artists among the young Englishmen.

LETT HAINES: Versatile young English painter. He will have a one-man show in New York next winter.

Jean Toomer, Man Ray, Jitro, René Crevel, Maxwell Bodenheim, Nathan Asch, E. Carnevali, and the Baroness von Freytag have all appeared in the Little Review and are known to our readers?

MACHINE-AGE EXPOSITION

THE Machine-Age Exposition now being organized by the Little Review will be held in the Autumn of this year.

The Exposition will show actual machines, parts, apparatuses, photographs and drawings of machines, plants, constructions etc., in juxtaposition with paintings, drawings, sculpture, constructions, and inventions by the most vital of the modern artists.

There is a great new race of men in America: the Engineer. He has created a new mechanical world, he is segregated from men in other activities . . . it is inevitable and important to the civilization of today that he make a union with the artist. This affiliation of Artist and Engineer will benefit each in his own domain, it will end the immense waste in each domain and will become a new creative force.

The legitimate pursuit of the Western World has been the acquisition of wealth, enjoyment of the sense, and commercial competition. America is supposed to have come nearer to an achievement of these aims than any of the older countries. It is beginning to be evident that no nation can progress beyond our present state, unless it is "subjected to the creative will."

A great many people cry out at the Machine as the incubus that is threatening our "spiritual" life. The aims of this race have bred an incomplete man . . . his outer life is too full, his inner life empty. His religion is either dead or seems a hopeless misfit for life today. The world is restless with a need to express its emotions. The desire for beauty has become a necessity.

THE MACHINE IS THE RELIGIOUS EXPRESSION OF TODAY

When it is admitted that the general public must be educated over and over again to the simplest, new thing, is it surprising that, without any education at all, it is unable to see that it is surrounded by a new beauty. And beyond that . . who could expect it to see beauty in a thing not made for beauty: the Machine.

The snobbery, awe and false pride in the art-game, set up by the museums, dealers, and second-rate artists, have frightened the gentle public out of any frank appreciation of the plastic arts. In the past it was a contact with and an appreciation of the arts that helped the individual to function more harmoniously.

Such an exaggerated extension of one of the functions . . . the extension of the mind as evidenced in this invention of Machines, must be a mysterious and necessary part of our evolution. Those who see in the Machine nothing but a menace or a utility are simply those people who never see anything at any time. There are others who are alive; who have become impatient with the petrified copying of the dead and dying; who are interested in things dynamic.

WE ADDRESS OUR EXPOSITION TO THESE

We will endeavor to show that there exists a parallel development and a balancing element in contemporary art. The men who hold first rank in the plastic arts today are the men who are organizing and transforming the realities of our age into a dynamic beauty. They do not copy or imitate the Machine, they do not worship the Machine,—they recognize it as one of the realities. In fact it is the Engineer who has been forced, in his creation, to use most of the forms once used by the artist . . . the artist must now discover new forms for himself. It is this "plastic-mechanical analogy" which we wish to present.

The artist and the engineer start out with the same necessity. No true artist ever starts to make "beauty" . . . he has no aesthetic intention—he has a problem. No beauty has ever been achieved which was not reached through the necessity to deal with some particular problem. The artist works with definite plastic laws. He knows that his work will have lasting value only if he consciously creates forms which embody the constant and unvarying laws of the universe. The aim of the Engineer has been utility. He works with all the plastic elements, he has created a new plastic mystery, but he is practically ignorant of all aesthetic laws . . . The beauty which he

creates is accidental.

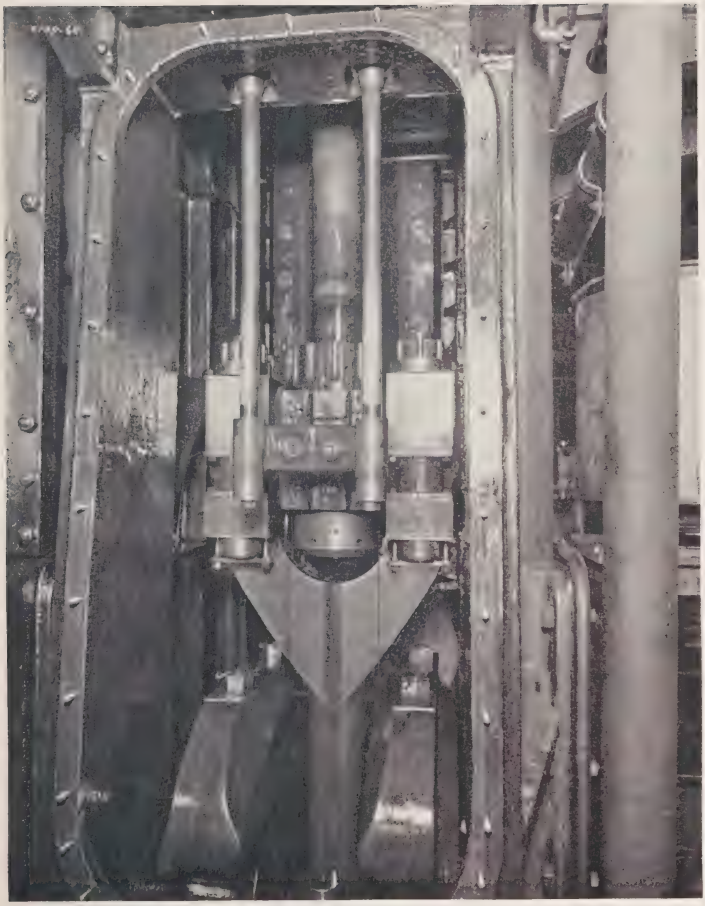
Utility does not exclude the presence of beauty . . . on the contrary a machine is not entirely efficient without the element of beauty. Utility and efficiency must take into account the whole man. Let us take one of the simplest and most obvious examples . . the Ford car. It is a by-word, for utility and efficiency, to the unthinking. Yet the thousands of jokes at its expense, the endless jeering on the part of the millions of owners, who also brag about its efficiency,—is the evidence against it. The lack of rhythmic balance in its organization, its stupid, sterile vertical lines, frustrate all consciousness of horizontal motion and velocity. It is justly considered a freak.

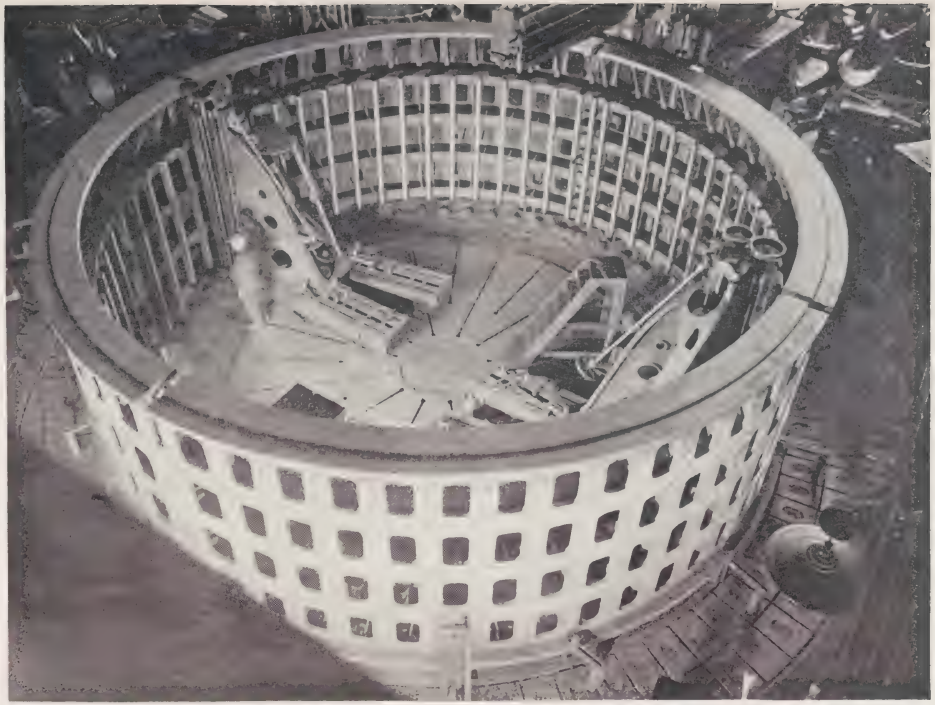
The experiment of an exposition bringing together the plastic works of these two types of artist has in it the possibility of forecasting the life of tomorrow. All of the most energetic artists, both here and in Europe: painters, sculptors, poets, musicians are enthusiastically organized to support this exposition, the Engineers are giving it their interested cooperation.

—jh.

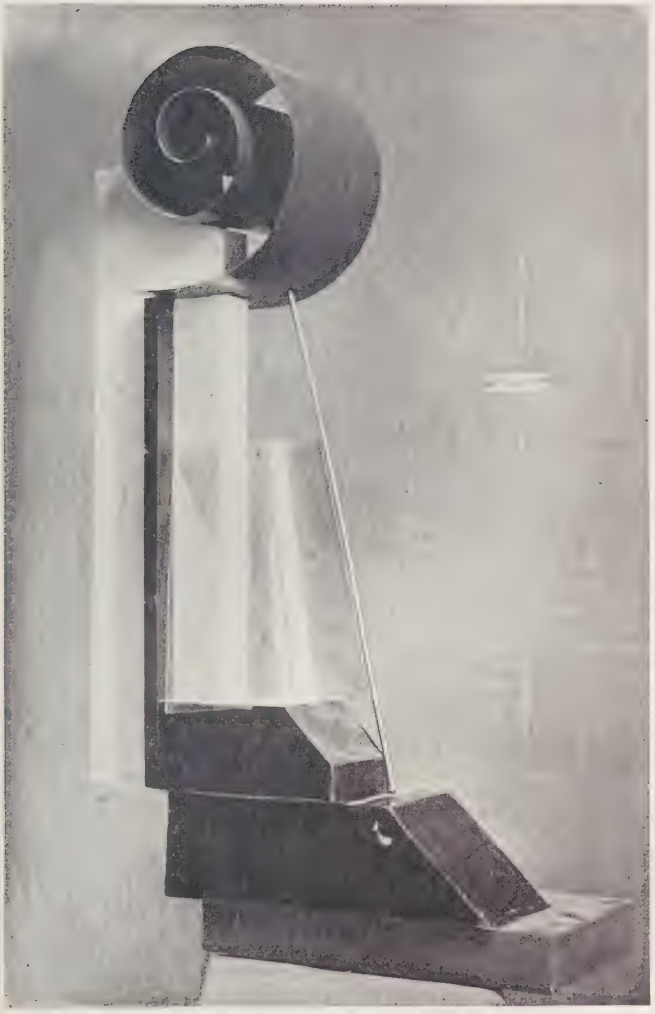
AMY LOWELL

1874 - 1925





GIANT GENERATOR IN CONSTRUCTION
(*Photograph by courtesy of the General Electric*)



CONSTRUCTION BY N. GRANOVSKY

CONSTRUCTION BY N. GRANOVSKY

SOCIAL EVENING

MATHEMATICIAN, solve me this riddle of the double
light that is both a hand and an eye, a space and
yet a face; and tell me why, seeing twelve grotesques,
I leap to a sitting posture, a mirror of fear in
which my brow, my hands, are lamps among the
lamps of flesh, conspiring in a song I do not know.

I listen while my lips forsake the secret of their
smile and lift, parting, over the light, against
the others, to make their foreheads flutter with
my sound, and drink the tiny detonations of their
eyes, the rockets of my voice, the brief fixed stars,
blue flakes that circle my surprise, resuming
their orbits.

I listen, and a tame mammal with shaved cheeks,
gorged with intricate morsels, rises, performs;
draped in docile flesh, hung with young limbs, a
warm face sailing with his gentle breath; and
strangely (their eyes are pleased to see this
lamb—only the chandelier can see the cloaked fist
of his skull, snarl, roar) strangely, he smirks
and curtsies for an hour; and his voice, pitched
too high for sound, purrs till he escapes to swim
the high streets; where an hour haunts him,
distant and present; it is another moon no
violence can drown: white, present till his
mind no longer burn.

On this moon is eternally enacted a lost embrace
of weeping arms, a woman breathing on his eyes, and
he smiling invisibly upon those lips that she has
twisted to a magic word which, listening, he feeds
with what is left of the spent powder of his soul
(lit with her caress that she might drink)
blooming swiftly, ever diminishing.

LOUIS GRUDIN

SINCE HE MUST BURN

I SAW him wandering down a street and said,
"Perhaps some people see him
And are pleased that that luscent head
Moves under the sun and moon:

That harsh knot with a halo of flesh
Punctured symmetrically with two gimlet-holes
Of darkness troubled by thrusts of color;
Dangling that huge wind-bitten tentacle,
A glowing bud shrunken to a fist;
A hollow trailing from each brow
Like two dark moths eating his cheeks,
Distilled from precious agonies;
Caverns of ruin on the facade of jaws,
Immortal temple of his face,
Scorched till the hot clot of his mouth
Lies before it like a discarded woman."

I saw him sneaking down the street,
Robed in a rag that smelled of someone else,
His thought clutched in a cap of mud.

Glad that the night contained him, doubly sure
The street would live, bound upright by his eyes,
I passed him, and his shoes walked in my mind,
Struck a double assonant, a laugh and wonder:

What was a mouse doing in his heart?
And why, when his big hands might strangle it,
Did they, instead, search for more crumbs?
There were answers.
He had caught the mouse to gnaw
Because he wished to know
His bones, unlike all known.

Lighting match after match, he found he could burn;

Aghast amidst the flame, his ashes fell,
A shape he had not known and never might:
The light whereby he saw consumed
His eyes that fed it—he had fled
Turning the fire of his mind
Into a mouse. Since he must burn
He would burn slowly.

LOUIS GRUDIN

GALLANT

HIS HANDS without his love,
He too had disappeared.
Once in a grove
He was born, and leered,
Bare in the air, without heat,
Peeled peach, weak sun,
Stripped onion, bleeding beet.
Once was he an eclipse:
The hanging nose, the lips
Afloat on the dead rind
Of his mask when, gazing wide
He stood looking from behind;
When his face slipped to one side,
Showing half his eye, no more:
His soul a gaze
Holding his face before.
In a dark room he wore
A naked eye turning on his path.
Dangling feet kissed wooden floor
And he, crying in his wrath,
Breaks a sound, small and reedy,
Weeps while his beloved cowers—
"No, I'll not buy flowers
For that sick lady!"

LOUIS GRUDIN

AESTHETICS AND UTILITY

THE TERM aesthetic has been so outworn by long usage that anyone employing it runs the risk of being easily misinterpreted. I purpose to employ it in a strictly scientific sense, disregarding entirely its now fashionable and casual association with intuition as a criterion of plastic qualities in an object.

Unfortunately, the sequence and interrelation of forms and their effect on the spectator have not as yet been established with any exactitude. For this reason the somewhat uncertain conception of harmony still rests on the personal reactions of the artist-creator. On the other hand it is hardly possible to analyze the scheme or structure of an object before our optical faculty is defined with precision and the relation between line, colour, and forms is established as a constant relation.

We all know that a square resting on a horizontal gives the feeling of repose and that spherical form induces the consciousness of motion. The interplay of various proportions strengthens or weakens the inherent direction of such forms, while the surface qualities, the colour and density of a given material have the power to modify our aesthetic experience. Were all the properties of plasticity better known, art would pass from the confines of purely personal appreciation onto the road of original invention.

The constant plastic elements are three: form, material, weight. Their harmonious interaction; the constructive distribution of masses; an organized mastery of space results in the creation of an object. Many constructivists consider the terms aesthetic and utility incompatible. This is a mistake for beauty and use have a close organic connection and constitute attributes of every object. The combination of various materials with special attention to their properties is as much aesthetic as utilitarian in the work of an artist. The variety of forms and materials must change to suit the aesthetic or utilitarian requirements of every work. The properties of materials determine the form of an object and the artist embodies a constructive idea guided by the laws of plastic art. Some objects which are

poor in material and whose physical properties do not satisfy our aesthetic sense require special treatment (Iron, for example, is painted against the effect of atmosphere, wood is varnished etc.).

In architecture, throughout all history, both concepts were indissolubly connected. The aesthetic and utilitarian aspects of the Cologne Cathedral, the concentrated dynamism of its forms move one to admiration far more than any box-like forty-story skyscraper can ever do. But the aesthetic sphere is not limited to decoration and ornamentation. The true constructivist principle requires an orderly rhythmic distribution of masses and organization of materials. The automobile "Bugatie" with the proportion of its parts and the combination of its materials may serve also as a fine example of plastic art. The rhythmic balance in the coordination of its parts induces a keener consciousness of velocity and motion than its actual speed of 125 kilometers per hour.

Our sight gradually accustomed to environmental factors, is sensitive not only to the practical side of things but to the aesthetic play of their component elements as well. The ornamentation of children's toys and all sorts of lineal combinations awaken in all of us the love of rhythm and teach us to look beyond the merely practical. To satisfy these normal needs, to develop them—such is the aim of the artist-constructor. To be able to accomplish this he must thoroughly analyze the forms of objects and the materials of which they are composed, at the same time giving due attention to the faculty of sight.

To enrich the aesthetic experience, to make it more varied, to bring it into close contact with life—that is his problem. His duty is the creation of new objects on the basis of the permanent laws inherent in plastic art and materials.

Translated by Louis Lozowick

N. GRANOVSKY

THIS ACTUALLY

THIS is a speed paced place. There is no aeroplane service between here and elsewhere. To those who do not know there are taxi-cabs in NY and to those who think the Hotel Roosevelt rests on solid blocks of black marble, will state these notes, in re notes, are just that and not elongations of moral, religious, ethical, mathematical concepts.

I haven't the time. There should be aeroplane service between NY and somewhere else.

The most important musical event this year was the absence of Mary Garden from New York. To see her and hear her: the train goes to Boston. LOUISE a perfect performance; She says so herself. New Tenor. THAIS in Baltimore. Next day Jeritza at the Metropolitan . . . .

Last time this season this special matinee. The contrast is too disastrous. She stood still in the vision; she "sat out" her first duet; she stood still at the same spot when she spied A; she stood in one spot and laughed HA HA; fumbled and dropped her shift stage center, disclosing pink pink accordion pleated undie criss-crossed with pink ribbons; thin piping voice (She's studying with Sembrich this year).

Second act curtain: reclining on high couch, red bodice and cloth-of-yellow-gold cape 12 feet long, circumference of at least twenty feet, it bellied in the wind as she ran over to figure, and then to monk's feet, her shoulders against his knees as she sat facing the audience, from the couch she threw a hard bunch of flowers at him as he sang; stood on the couch laughed HA HA then sob, sob, tore a bunch of pearls out of her hair, threw them in the audience and rolled down stage.

This is cold fact. Too many accessories needed. Her THAIS is not good. Selah. There is only one THAIS.

NURMI runs without a jockstrap. Silky shorts, pale blue jersey, pinkish face, blonde hair; body upright, a gain visible at each lap, but where or how picked up too smoothly done to notice. Thorough understanding of body-instrument.

STOCKLYNCH, Belgian cyclist, over six feet, narrow ankles, small calves bunched close to back of knees. Best on wheel by far; the Jersey Kid team won by inexplicable (?) American sport standards. Sprints most exciting at 2 and 3 AM: riders and spectators aware of the flaunting of TIME.

JOE LAWSON "ALABAMA BEAR" (Tiger Flowers successor) knocked out Keed Norfolk in 1st round, his 15th straight victory. Siki stands up for pumelling 10rds. The colorful fighters of color! Jack Renault, rolls of fat overflowing belt, is Kearns' idea of next opponent for Dempsey, now also fat. Sum up sport situation amateur and pro: odorous beyond coal or mustard gas. The smell hurts me eyes! Banana Oil! Ring Lardner's "Champion" and the play "Is zat so?" for details.

SLICES: Queensboro Bridge Plaza Saturday noons; 7th Regiment reviewed by General Summeral; The crowd at The Independent's opening; Saint Patrick's Day parade held on March 21st; Hearst's Columbus Circle at night vindicating the "crazy vision" of artists; Hatvany's "Machine-Age" costume party; The Rennaisance playing The Celtics (colored and Irish basket ball champs); Burlesk comedian Walter Brown handing crowd howls with WC jokes, buttocks banter.

FLOWER SHOW: Horticulturalists playing at God. Why does not Royal Corissoz say *they* have no taste or do not well do what has been done before? A REBOURS!
Pollyanna still on deck.

THEATRE: Grantland Rice "Sportlight" two-reelers, when not sentimental, are eye-resters. "The Chase" a ski picture in which this year's Champ in Switzerland curves over, around and through white: impersonal lines moving, the pure realm of the cinema. Not Stieglitz cloud photos pasted perpendicularly. Tom Mix allowing Tony to move freely. The chase of the comedies. "Movies" (?)
The movement of a man's life, his daily routine whirling thro his drunken dream and the slowing tempo of old age: stated in visual terms completely: that is THE LAST LAUGH. Completely—because not one slip-up is noted and much that is still

unknown to man-in-the-seat is unreeled on the screen.

WILL ROGERS: All I know is what I read in the papers. (That's no lie! !) The idiot laws and law makers are my meat, bo. (But down in my heart I respect 'em. They're makin money.) Makin' wise cracks about 'em that their inferiors think are funny is how I make my money. These hicks in N'York think tha's what I'm in. The Follies for, but onct in a while a roper in the crowd starts applause for nifty lariat work. That's me. You can't send good ropin over the rodeo! Howja like that finale in the first act where I ropes in the whole chorus? I guess I got you all purty well roped in, eh? (That's no Bull!)

The performance of James Joyce's EXILES at Neighborhood playhouse does not destroy the play but Richard, the writer, is played by an actor as if he were a butcher whose business ain't going right. His friend is played by an actor who is so sure of his good looks he doesn't have to think. Ernest Boyd, a voluntary economic exile writes of the play, in the program, in terms of happiness. "Is happiness the best we can know?"

In *Cyrano de Bergerac* the lady loves two men.
In *Candida* the lady loves two men.
In *Ulysses* the lady loves two men.
In *Exiles* the lady loves two men.
In *Exiles* the lady takes a forward step; she lives with the man who is the finer. The first courageous woman in "Modern Drama."

All the plays that are causing the excitement as "new" contributions are built on the old story forms with the embellishments only new. Why should "Processional" tell a story?

The case for America:

Nurmi—Joie Ray
Stocklynch—American Cycling Assn.
Last Laugh—Will Hayes
Exiles—Abie's Irish Rose

CAESAR ZWASKA

GEORGE ANTHEIL

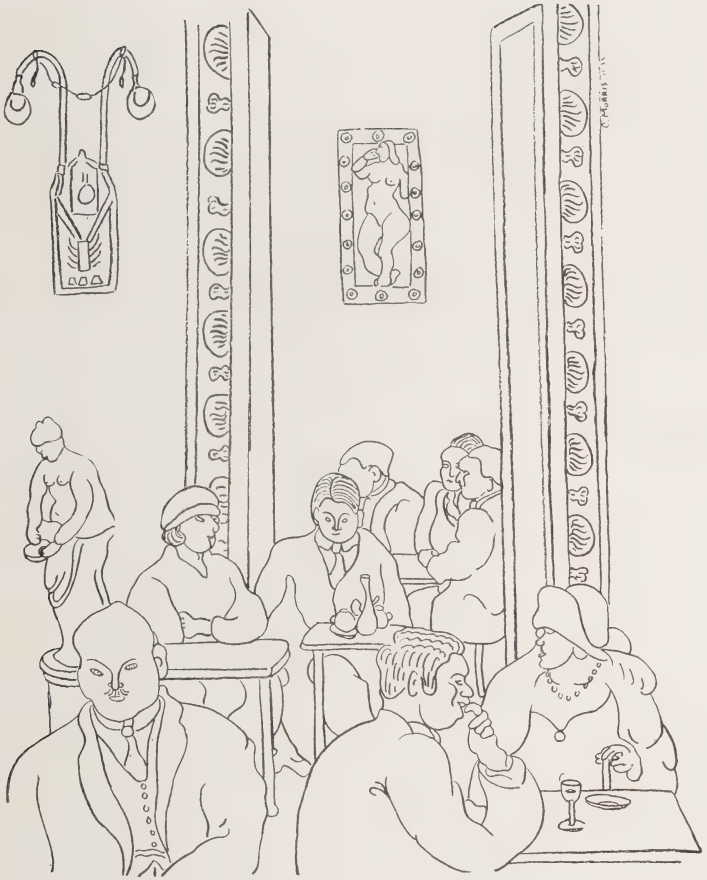
LETT HAINES

CEDRIC MORRIS

PAVEL TCHELITCHEFF

LANDSCAPE BY CEDRIC MORRIS

"THE BIRD" BY CEDRIC MORRIS



DRAWING BY CEDRIC MORRIS

DOROTHEA DREIER

(*Memorial Exhibition April 14–May 14, 1925*) *Brooklyn Museum*

THOUGH it is evident that an artist stands in close relation to his time it is not always clear what this relation is. It would be probably near the truth to say that the artist registers his own reactions to his age rather than the actual character of that age. These reactions often assume peculiar form. Sometime they will recall a term long passed; sometime they will presage a period not yet born.

This is precisely part of the story of American painting. The mechanistic materialistic "Americanizing" tendency at first turned the best artists to a glowing retrospective romanticism. At present, though such retrospection is not discarded, a new tendency is already apparent. One may notice faint outlines of an art rooted in a machine civilization, taking definite account of the speed volume, and order of the civilization. This art has not yet assumed final shape. We are still in the period of transition. It need hardly be more than mentioned that each of these periods admits of creative treatment.

The significance of Dorothea Dreier lies precisely in this—that her art is a clear expression of this transition. She serves as a link between the older romantic lyrical period now disintegrating —as shown in her landscapes—and the newer, neo-realist, epic period still in the process of formation—made evident in her cityscapes—. She continues the old tradition and helps to establish the new—a task very few have had the distinction of accomplishing.

Dorothea Dreier has not done this as a work of deliberate choice. She was an artist spontaneous and instinctive rather than analytic and reasoning. But the effect of environment is so inescapable that mere contact with its rhythm was sufficient to elicit a sympathetic response. She turned to the American scene.

The city has been treated variously by modern artists. The Germans discovered in it an apocalyptic nightmare, chaos and

ruin, the Italian viewed it as a ceaseless Heraclitean glow, an eternal dynamism, the Russians saw it as a constructive force, a symbol of order, the hope of mankind.

Dorothea Dreier differs from them all though she touches them at various points. There is a nervous mobility in her brush strokes and the fluidity of form and a firm stability in the structure. In this instance again Dorothea Dreier serves as a link combining several currents of an epoch. The union, however, is synthetic not ecclectic. This is perhaps her most constant characteristic. Her talent and method are synthetic. She follows her own vision rather than any school and realizes her achievements by keen intuition rather than by discursive reasoning.

And while her themes may attract attention first, it is the treatment which keeps it bound. Reality is used only as a source, not as an end; it is consulted but never implicitly obeyed. The aesthetic problem is born within the corners of the canvas and kept within them.

In her departure from old tradition Dorothea Dreier has written one of the first chapters in the new and original book on modern art in which the younger American artists will register what in the terminology of Spengler might be called *Die Raumsymbolik der amerikanischer Kulturseele.*

In this she had the distinction of being one of the first to express in terms of paint the new indigenous culture.

LOUIS LOZOWICK

PORTRAIT

IN a wood,
With the afternoon sun
Three-leaves money
And the colors of grass and of violets.

A little grey wind
Sneaking away.

The dawn's open-eyed wonder
At the new day

The creaking of old leaves
Under broken, heavy shoes.

In the noontime
From the Earth
To the sky
And from the sky
To the earth.
Up to the blue bowl,
Down into the brown bowl
A shower of petals:
Fragments of sunlight
Are red, green, blue, yellow and orange.

How many beautiful women
Are there in the world?

Have you beauty enough
For all the beautiful women of the world?

E. CARNEVALI

MILES BROAD STATEMENT

A SHORT STORY

THE GREEK whose hands are chapped and swollen and nice and fat, as if they were both content and sore, whose face is like a bologna and whose eyes are too grey and too shiny—a Greek who has been successful and lost his beauty (the others are dark and strong and harmonic, never exaggerated); the Greek whose voice is shrill, owns a fruit store on North Avenue, in which flowers also are sold. Because I saw carnations for 35 cents a dozen—as if they had been a commodity gone down at last—I entered.

The Greek said one of the most majestic things I shall ever hear in this muted down life, now that folk-lore has ceased being produced and folk women wear hats. I had a cane and leaned on it. "What's the matter, sick?"—"Yes, do I look it?"—"What's the matter, rheumatism?" I said no and I explained but he didn't get it, so rheumatism it had to be. He said:

"Young fellow like you, rheumatism! To my country, no rheumatism at all!"

EMANUEL CARNEVALI

***The above work is not recent work by Carnevali, but was written several years ago, before he became ill and returned to Italy. We print it at this time in the hope that it may stimulate interest in his book, which the Contact Publishing Company will soon publish.**

HOLIDAY

"Yet each man kills the thing he loves."
—Ballad of Reading Gaol.

THEY BUILT hideous cities in those regions; yet now that the sun was shining and the sweetness of June was over the earth, and the wide, pale blue waters, thousands made holiday.

The Sunday racket had begun almost as early as that of every day in the streets; the noise of milk-wagons, of great trucks carrying ice cream, of numerous automobiles, Trolley-cars travelled by various routes; someone ran the engine of a motorcycle near the dusty, two-floor wooden flat.

By ten o'clock the family had set out.

Sickles, a wiry, expressionless man with a red face, was clerk for a company that sold pharmaceutical and surgical supplies in a shop down in the city and made them in laboratories and manufacturing lofts on the upper floors. He wore the cheap, pressed jacket and trousers, the clean striped shirt, the white collar, the necktie, the stiff straw hat, and the low tan shoes of his kind, Ethel, his wife, a tall, strong, sallow woman with stout hips and dark eyes, was in a fresh dress of colored cotton, a loose black coat, and a black straw hat. Of the children, Evelyn, Edward, Virginia and Howard, aged respectively eleven, nine, seven, and four, the little girls had clean, bright, cotton dresses and straw hats with elastic bands under their chins; Edward wore a heavy jacket, knickerbockers, and cap of blue, all a little too large for him; and Howard appeared in a single cotton garment of pink trousers and white blouse with round pink collar and cuffs. He wore a white cotton hat, and his father held him by the hand.

As they waited for a trolley-car at a much used corner with their flat lunch boxes and their luggage in their hands, a large automobile with only a driver in it passed them. First Sickles, then his wife, then the rest, glanced slowly after it.

"It's a Cadillac, ain't it, pa?" Edward asked, with diffidence.

"No," Sickles returned, "it's a Packard,"

"The Beecholds have got a car," said Ethel, after a pause.

"Some people have that ain't got a nickel to their names," Sickles replied.

Then the big, clattering trolley-car bore them away through the unlovely streets of that city. It was a city of the Great Lakes regions, and was flat, with thousands of two-floor buildings and of single houses, and with streets of two-floor shops. At length, beyond older districts, the car reached a wide thoroughfare and turned into it. This avenue was lined with shops, many of which were open, and with booths and shows and high wooden trestles on which little, bright-colored cars were running noisily. From the juncture of the thoroughfare with the end of a boulevard that lay in a great semi-circle about the old inner town, a bridge led out to a great island park in the blue stream for which the city was named.

And the place was busy. Already automobiles congested the streets; crowds made their way along on foot; the trolley-cars ran slowly. Over the esplanades running out to the bridge uncivil traffic policemen sent the throngs scurrying this way and that. The way was blocked to some extent by great, fenced piles of dry gray and yellow mud that had been taken from the shore excavations for a new bridge; an old one of wood and steel having been destroyed by fire some years ago, and the dilapidated wooden one now in use being but temporary. As yet, however, nothing but the mud appeared of the new bridge, though the old stone piers of the one destroyed stood up quite desolately out of the blue water a little way upstream.

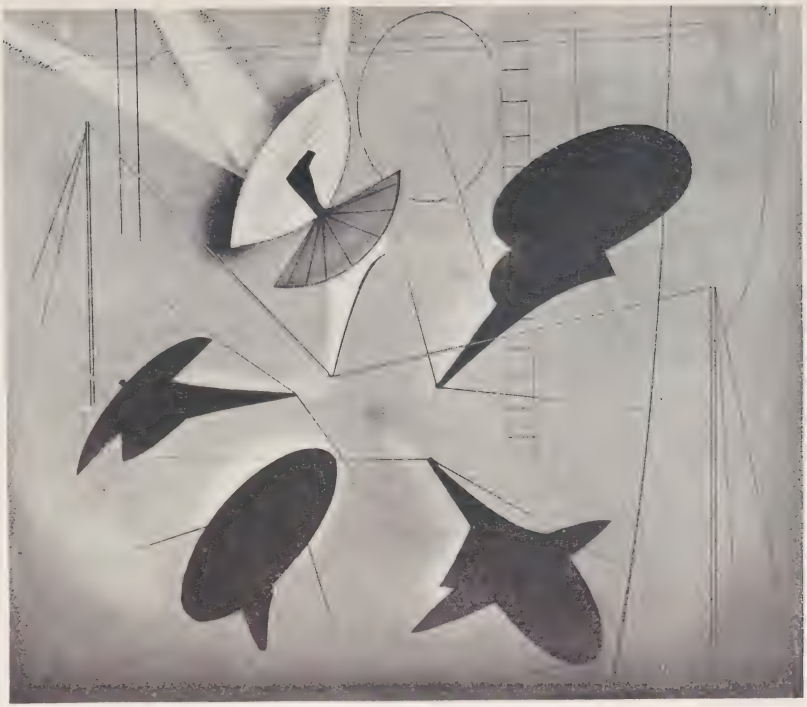
Once on the loose planks of the bridge footwalks, which rattled cheerily under foot, the crowds moved faster. Delightful breezes came from the water; the light from the blue sky was superb. Two unbroken lines of black automobiles, going in opposite directions, hurried along over the oily timbers of the roadway. Almost every other person carried a camera. Two little girls of fifteen, all in their finery, pushed swiftly through the mass, often runing into the road to get ahead. In her eagerness one called over her shoulder to the other: "Oh, if only we didn't have to work on Saturday afternoons!"

In twenty minutes the Sickles had walked across the bridge.

On reaching the island they turned at once up along the east shore. Here in the sun the shabby willows cast pleasant shadows upon the road, the damp ground and the grass, One passed a private boat club on piles out over the water; a great, brick bath-house not yet open for the season; then a "Yacht Club," a brick building on arches out over the stream. A little beyond this building, and to the left of the road, the Sickles found a place that suited them and established themselves. From the spot one looked at the road and also out at the bright water, where some cat-boats were sailing about. Launches and small ferries plied to and from the distant city; some men in rowing clothes were sculling. The children went down to play on the shore, Evelyn to hunt shells, Virginia and Howard to throw stones into the water, and soon to pelt away as hard as they could; Edward to occupy himself with a bit of floating timber with square, rusty nails in it, which he fished out at length and threw back with a splash. Howard having discovered some broken glass beneath a tree, was rescued before he had cut himself. Sickles and his wife, sitting on the grass, watched the people who passed, and the children. He had his jacket off; his heels were in the ground, and his elbows on his knees, while he held part of a Sunday newspaper in his hands. She sat with her legs straight out.

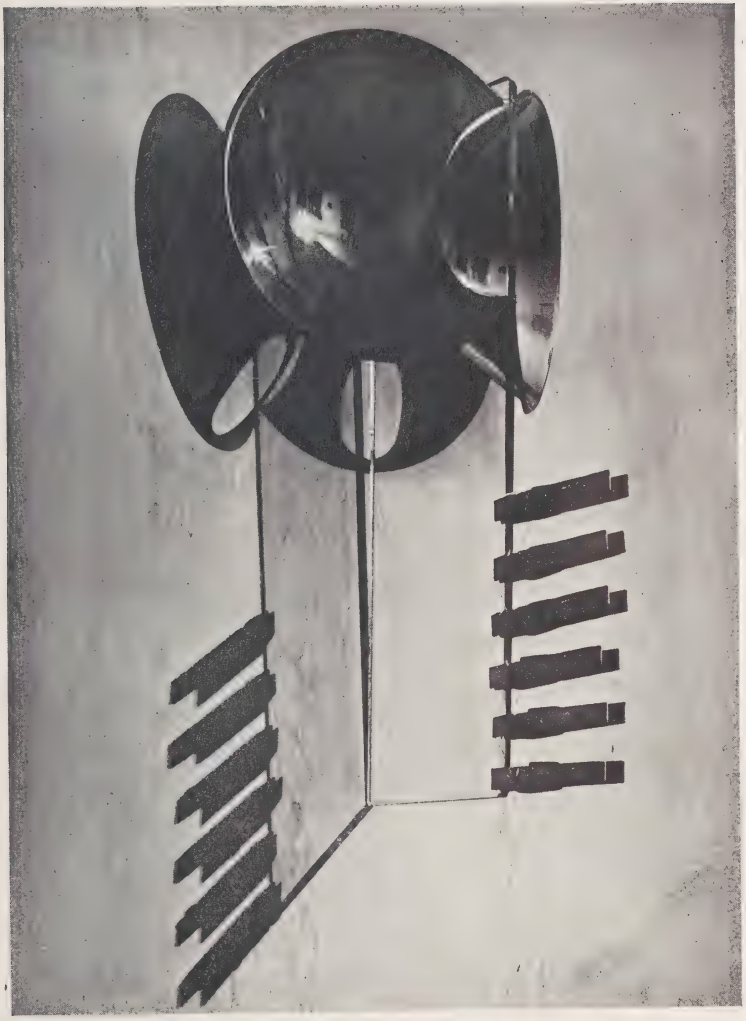
The road, and the whole island, were rapidly becoming painfully congested. They made automobiles in that city; and automobiles stood in close ranks at both sides of all the roads, or posted swiftly along every open stretch. There were trucks bearing family groups or other large parties; the hired overloaded pony chaises that came along, often in the wrong direction, had a difficult time. Among the moving crowds, too, could be distinguished representatives of all those people who had come to labor in the mammoth factories of the city: Poles, Greeks, Italians, English, Irish, and Scotch, Germans, Swedes, Hungarians, Jews, Negroes, Turks, Armenians, Chinamen. Many of the later comers still wore their dusty American clothes clumsily; some even displayed old, odd-looking foreign clothes. One Syrian woman who passed, wore a heavy dress of maroon serge; and as she sauntered along with two men, Sickles and his wife glanced at each other quickly. At sight of two stout

DRAWING BY MAN RAY



WATER-COLOUR BY MAN RAY

(The Rope-Dancer accompanies herself with her shadows)



CONSTRUCTION BY MAN RAY

TOWARDS A NEW THEATRE BY LETT HAINES

STUDIO LANDSCAPE BY LETT HAINES

Negro women, bare headed, but dressed beautifully in white, with white shoes and stockings, Ethel drew down her mouth, raised her eyebrows, and tossed her head. The children saw this, and laughed. There were some old Polish women in black silk kerchiefs.

Toward noon the family had their luncheon out of the boxes, They drank ice water from a nearby tap, and the meal was spread on a cloth on the grass. Then Ethel put away the remains of the food, and having arranged a shawl and cushion which they had brought, lay down with Howard for a nap. Virginia went back to the shore.

Sickles, with the two older children, rose, put on his jacket, and went away. Over toward the center of the island was a small menagerie; and here amid a throng the three looked at the uneasy bears in the slimy pits; at the foxes, wolves, raccoons, monkeys, and a lynx in the open air cages of black iron work and screening on the bare ground under the trees; and at the elk, deer, and buffalo at one end of a trampled, muddy enclosure. In a malodorous lagoon swans, herons, wild ducks and geese, and captive gulls were wading or swimming; a noisy sea-lion occupied a pool by himself. A glass house sheltered ostriches and kangaroos.

The Sickles moved out upon the athletic field.

This was an immense, open place over toward the southern shore some way above the trees that surrounded a big aquarium and some conservatories. Beyond the field here, the blue water was to be seen, with the great ore-carriers of the lakes passing up and down, and now and then a white excursion steamer with crowded decks and music that was just audible. The breeze was cool and strong once more; the sunlight glowed on the tough, green turf, and was reflected from parts of the automobiles that formed swift streams along all the roads. New roofs over on the foreign shore among the willows flashed in the light. But it was toward the baseball diamonds on the field that the crowds were all making their way. A mass stood about each game; the masses mingled. The Sickles pushed immediately into the thickest of the throng, and hurried forward. They had scarcely glanced at the tennis courts, all of which were in use, that occupied some space along one of the lagoons near the woods.

Over in another part of the field Negroes in white were playing games of cricket. Some Irishmen were engaged in football and hockey.

Having reached the edge of one of the motionless masses, the three waited a little; by elbowing forward at every opportunity they got presently to a place whence they could see. The game, which was in its later innings, seemed to have been closely contested; the players were sweating and panting in their dusty uniforms; they were harsh in their preoccupation, and gazed back unseeingly into the crowds that stared at them. The crowd gave an occasional concerted shriek, or sent forth a volley of approval, contempt, or exhortation. The players still kept up the stereotyped racket prescribed for them.

But the children were soon tired of it. They began to fidget and look about; and Sickles was annoyed. Evelyn had to try three times, however, before she could really get her father's attention to say that they were going. As she wished to leave her wide straw hat with him, she tried to put it into his hands, but he kept them away, saying, "No, no, I don't want that." "I'm going to spend my dime," she said; and he answered, "All right, all right." "I'll spend mine too," Edward said; and the children wriggled off backward. They talked to each other as they got clearer of the crowd; and then they set off running in the direction of the tennis courts.

Sickles watched the game out; other clubs appeared on the diamond at once. He went to other games. The sunlight was dazzling on the field. Noticing at last that the crowd about one of the farther diamonds seemed large and was more hilarious than any other, he turned in that direction. He found that two Negro clubs, inexpert, grotesquely garbed, and joyful, were engaged with might and main. Shouting partisans closed in both sides of the diamond; white spectators, laughing and commenting, were gathered about the whole. Sickles hurried around toward third base immediately.

It was a game to remember. Not a movement was made by any player without uproarious response from supporters and foes alike; no rally took place but with excitement and delight; each misplay brought gales of mirth, defiance, raillery. Alive to every development of the game, to every stimulating cir-

cumstance of the occasion and of the glorious day, the Negroes entertained themselves and the onlookers. The clowning and buffoonery became irresistible. Players and partisans all took part. The white crowd looked on with cruelty or with delight, surprised, unwontedly stirred.

"Some ball game, eh!" . . . "What do they care?" . . . "Give um a chance, that's all they want!"

There is spitting and sneering. "Christ, they got as much brains as monkeys!" . . . "Yeah, no senses, no feeluns!" . . . "Look, one's hurt!"

"He should worry! Never mind, Snowball! You got two dollars in your pocket, you can lay off a month!"

But the white men are infected with the spirit of the game, too. They try to be merry. They attempt to say "Yeah" and "Theah" like the Negroes, and to match the inimitable sallies. They are softened a little.

"Say," some exclaim, "they cer'n'ly know how to enjoy themselves, don't they?"

The light fades noticeably; the shadows of the woods have stretched out over the green turf; many of the other diamonds are deserted; yet a throng remains here.

"You still goin' strong, Slim?" they yell at a tall Negro in right field who has not hit or caught a ball all the afternoon.

"Ah'll go jest as long as mah shoes hold out," he answers, turning with his cap on backward and his face widened in a grin.

But the innings pile up to nine at last. The final ball is batted and thrown. The players dash to get their belongings and to greet their friends; the game is over.

The white spectators, rising with reluctance, shake and stretch themselves. The dissolving crowd begins to move in various directions; some go off toward the southern shore, some over the little brick and stone bridges that span the lagoons; some take to the paths through the woods.

Sickles is among these latter. Once beyond the road, where the automobiles never stop, he is among the thick trees. So many fine veils of yellow and new green float around him and above him that the effect is strange. The slanting rays of the sun light up the foliage and make it glow. He hurries on.

Presently the path lies beside a glaucous, slow lagoon where

the hired green skiffs full of peanut shells, and the canoes, each with a gramaphone, are still thick. In the boats and all about on the unkempt grass that grows beside the wide path up to the bare, damp ground under the denser trees and small growth, are men and women in couples, lying with their heads in each other's laps, looking about, reading newspapers, sleeping. Libidinous yearning steals over Sickles. He leers a little as he walks steadily along. But he thinks only of Ethel. Among the blue flowers that bloom here and there on the mud are signs: "Do Not Pick the Wild Flowers." Fish flies hover over the water.

The air is close in the woods.

The family, he finds, when he has crossed more open places and reached them, have secured one of the battered public tables near the shore, and have moved their luggage to it. They reassemble without much demonstration, and prepare to eat. Supper finished, they throw the papers and empty boxes into a broken wire trash-basket chained to a tree, and pack up their possessions. Then, with their hats and coats on, they move down the shore toward the bridge with the crowds.

The roads are as congested as ever. Indeed, the whole lower part of the island remains so. But the people are going home now; they walk slowly. Groups from the belated ball-games pass; as before, there are people of all sorts; urchins wander by the shore dragging broken toy boats at the end of wet strings.

And the sun, which has remained for a long time a great red or rose-pink ball in the lavender horizon clouds over above the city, is about to set. As it does so, it lights up the water and sky most beautifully. The surface of the clear stream becomes exactly like the inside of a shell, pink and pale lavender; there are even little geometrical figures made by the ripples like the figures caused by the fine cracks on the inside of a shell. The wheels of golden lights begin to shine over in the amusement parks; the festoons and tangled lines begin to glitter.

The Sickles walk back across the bridge. Sickles soon carries little Howard, who is very tired; Ethel bears the shawl and cushions; Evelyn goes on ahead through the crowd. Edward and Virginia manage with some effort to keep near the rail so as to look down at the water, where gasoline launches and

canoes pass occasionally beneath the bridge. Once a powerful mahogany motor boat goes upstream near the island shore, rushing along behind a great glassy billow. The eyes of all the men and boys follow it. "Look at them go, eh?" voices say wonderingly.

Edward comes back to say: "Look at it go, pa."

Sickles looks after it and says: "Some boat."

The press is very great toward the shore end of the bridge. The crowds coming from the island by bridge and ferries mingle with those assembling for an evening at the parks. The broad cement walks and the pavements are all but blocked. Men from the booths push about offering tickets for the candy and doll lotteries; Jews and Italians sell colored rubber balloons and paper windmills; raucous youths peddle wilted roses from bunches in their hands. The cries of the showmen and the music from the great roundabouts deafen one; the little cars roar around the trestles, and their occupants shriek. It is difficult to reach the trolley-cars through the mass of automobiles.

But in a trolley-car once more the Sickles ride back through the clamorous, uneasy city. The lighted car is crowded; all of the windows are open. Only Ethel has a seat, and she holds the little Howard on her lap. Evelyn and Edward get to a window; then Virginia, who is a pushing, determined child, shoulders to them in her rough way and gets between them. Their route now takes them a little nearer to the center of the city than did that of the morning. In what remains of the daylight the streets, with their half dead trees, are seen to get even more shabby and crowded; the little porches are all full; one looks through open windows into dingy rooms where a dozen people sit about an oil lamp. Men in their undershirts, sometimes five or six in a room, appear in the windows of cramped upper floors. Grimy warehouses and other huge buildings rise among the houses; and poor Italians, Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Negroes, make up a large share of the pedestrians. Within two weeks, when the full heat and glare of summer have come, there will be a circle of hell in these districts.

Yet in every heart here, in every heart in the city there is the need of life and joy, of freedom and hope, of the out-of-doors.

But at last the trolley-car has turned northward. It winds

back and forth; turns eastward. It takes the Sickles to their home corner.

They walk to the flat.

When the door has been unlocked, they go in. The rooms, shut up all day, smell close. The doors, opened to admit the air, let in the noise too. All take off their coats and hats and put themselves at ease. Sickles finds his slippers, Howard and Virginia fall hastily to work cutting some colored pictures from the Sunday newspaper; all day they have waited for scissors; but now they are sleepy and cross, and they quarrel and slap each other as they work kneeling on chairs by the battered round table under the dim green dome with flowers on it in the ugly dining-room. After it is quite dark, Evelyn asks for ice cream and is sent to the pharmacy in the next street to get a quart in a paper pail. They eat the ice cream quickly, seated about the dining-table. And at last the younger children are put to bed.

Edward and Evelyn sit talking for a time on the front porch; for they do not dread the morrow much now, since the public schools will close for the summer in a fortnight. Soon they follow the littler ones to bed.

Sickles, without jacket or collar, reads the Monday morning newspaper that the boys have been crying through the streets. At length he unfastens the neck-band of his shirt and loosens his trousers at the waist. Once or twice he glances furtively into the kitchen, where the lean Ethel is sorting clothes for the wash. It chances that as she passes the door she looks up and catches his eye. They smile faintly. Within an hour Sickles has put out a milk bottle, and they have gone to bed. After a short space they are asleep.

The fire engines dash through the streets presently. Once a police automobile with shrieking whistle goes somewhere. The ordinary automobiles and the people continue to pass. And the family sleeps, quietly, wearily, like animals in a den. The cool, dark night becomes somewhat quieter; the leaves of some poplar trees that stand a little way behind the house like ramparts against the night sky, stir softly in the breeze; the summer stars burn dimly.

And they sleep until dawn comes bringing light, and movement and effort again.

June 1920
March 1925.

W. C. G. JITRO

EVOLUTION OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE IN HOLLAND

I

GENERAL INTRODUCTION—It will perhaps be surprising to some that the architecture which holds an important place in Modern Art: Dutch architecture, has grown out of modern painting. Yet it is not surprising—the different arts have always influenced each other in any revolution of Art. For instance, in the rise of modern art, it was music that influenced painting. There was great interest in architecture and music on the part of the French cubists about the year 1910.

In the latest movement, Constructivism, this interest has extended even to the industrial techniques. Neither the artists nor the constructivists want the different spheres to get mixed, on the contrary this interest purifies each sphere,—by limitation. The cubist painting remained pure painting, and differed from the preceeding (impressionism) by a prominent constructive "architectonic" accent. From this it is clear why constructivism, as a result of cubism, came in touch with real architecture

Architecture has never known the illusion of nature, as have sculpture and painting, it is always more abstract in its expression, so it could go the extreme limit in realizing the new conception of art, which is evolving in our century, without meeting much resistance.

That which was rejected, by narrow-mindedness, as a "picture" could still be accepted as a "house" . . . more so in countries like America, Holland and Belgium, which do not possess a great tradition in architecture.

Especially in Holland, protected by a tradition of many centuries, modern painting had to struggle hard to obtain the right to exist. It was easier for

modern architects to give a new character to architecture . . . here no standing opinion, no national school stood in the way. Impeded by no tradition the modern architects could experiment to their hearts' content and give full scope to their fantasies,—as have the Amsterdam group gathered about "Wendingen," the organ of the Association of architects . . . "Architectura." Just how far this freedom has been an obstacle in the way to a sound development of an elementary and clear architecture, we shall show later on in this article.

II

To acquire a sound knowledge of the architecture of a people it is important to examine closely the elements which dominate the image of its towns.

In Holland the aspect of the towns is goverened by two elements: the imitation of the classic and by a national architecture. The former predominates in public buildings . . . the Palace on the "Dam" in Amsterdam, town-halls, exchanges, etc. The latter was used in the houses of the rich, these houses were built on the water from functional necessity. Typical of this national style are the "stepped-gables" in the pictures of Pieter de Hoogh, and everywhere along the canals of Amsterdam, Harlem and Delft.

It certainly can be considered a step forward when the architects Cuypers and Berlage succeeded in giving a personal note to public buildings (The Museum and Central Station, by Cuypers, in Amsterdam and the Exchange, on the Rokin, by Berlage). These pioneer architects have helped rid architecture of its style-imitating. These centra of traffic, commerce, and art, dominating the town, have awakened in the younger men a lively feeling for original architecture.

The aspect of a town is the product of traffic, so the Dutch national architecture is related to the canals: the so-called "gratchen," which in their turn are the product of traffic-by-water. This architecture formed a continual decoration of the "gratchen," absolutely calculated to produce the outward effect of a quiet facade. It was not architecture as demanded by the moderns (first of all by Berlage) . . . an architecture which evolves in a logical, sober, and purely constructive way, from the interior (the functional) to the exterior (the facade). An example of this is the group of houses by Oud in Rotterdam (Spangen). It also is a "facade-architecture" with the difference that the facade developing as a "street-wall" is logically born from the functional division of the interior parts.

It is evident that the facade architecture of Holland was unable to produce a real architecture. It was essentially too decorative. It finds its consequences in the capricious and bizarre constructions of the so-called "Amsterdam school," a group of modern architects who sacrifice everything to outward appearance . . . to the decorative effect.

As a reaction to the imitation of the ancient, there has grown a feeling for the original-monumental, which had its beginning in Cuypers and Berlage and continued, influenced by painting, to develop on a large scale in the work of the "Stijl" group: Rob. van't Hoff, Jan Wils, G. Rietveld, Oud, etc.

MODEL FOR A DWELLING (Maison d'Artiste) BY THEO VAN DOESBURG
(*Seen from above, below and from the side*)

PROJECT FOR AN HOTEL BY THEO VAN DOESBURG
(*Model by G. Rietveld*) AND C. VAN EESTEREN

UNFINISHED DRAWING BY LETT HAINES

PAINTING BY LOUIS LAZOWICK

OKLAHOMA BY LOUIS LAZOWICK

In these architects and others, Holland has the possibility of securing a place of her own in architecture. One might say that she now has an independent *monumentalism*, which has developed in a logical order from the non-adjacent building, to the complex, to the town-building. But not until painting had freed itself from convention, was it able to give a renewal to architecture.

As I have said, in the beginning of this article, it was the painters who laid the foundations for the new constructivist aesthetics. This longing for a renewal, everywhere, in the arts, led the writer to found the periodical "de Stijl." In this periodical, painters, sculptors, and architects laid the foundations for a new plastic art.

By conquering the individual accents the art of painting became fit to form an entity with the architecture . . . and to complete it. We shall see later what are the aesthetic, technical and economic elements taking part in the development of the new architecture.

III

In the following notes I shall make a resumé of some of the principle points in a new plastic art, developed practically and theoretically since 1916 by the artists of the group "De Stijl" of Holland.

1 Form: The fundamental thing in a sane development of architecture (and of art in general) is the suppression of the illusion and of the conception of a "form."

In place of employing the old styles as copies to imitate and duplicate, it is necessary to state anew the problem of architecture.

2 The Elements: The new architecture is elementary. It develops the elements of building into the largest significance as: function, mass, light, materials, plane, time, space, colour, etc. These elements are at the same time creative elements.

3 Economy: The new architecture is economical, that is to say, it organizes its elementary, most essential means without dissipation of these means or of materials.

4 The new architecture is functional, that is to say, it is founded upon the synthesis of practical requirements. The architect determines them in a clear, readable plan.

5 Shape: The new architecture is shapeless but, even so, well determined. It is not built on a scheme, a mould into which functional spaces are poured. Differing from all the styles of the past the new architectural method does not recognize fundamental and immutable types. The division and subdivision of the spaces of the interior and exterior are determined in a rigid manner by rectangular planes; that is to say by planes which have no individual form. Because of this determination of planes they can extend to infinity on every side. There results a coordinated system by which the different points correspond to an equal quantity of points in universal space. Hence there exist a relation between the different planes and the exterior space.

6 The Monumental: The new architecture has made the idea "monu-

mental" independent of "big" and "little." It has demonstrated that all exists through balanced relationships.

7 The Hole: The new architecture recognizes no passive part. It has conquered the hole. The window has an active importance in relation to the position of the flat blind surface of the wall. A hole or space doesn't come from nothing, for all is determined by its contrast.

8 The Plane: The new architecture has pierced the wall so that it suppresses the duality between the interior and the exterior. The walls no longer support, they have become points of support. There results a new plane, an *open* plane totally different from that of classic days, for the spaces of the interior and the exterior interpenetrate.

9 The Subdivision: The new architecture is open. The whole consists of a general space, which must be subdivided into different spaces, which relate themselves to the comfort of the habitation.

This subdivision is made by partitions; those which separate functional spaces can be moveable, that is to say they can be replaced by moveable screens.

In a stage following the development of modern architecture, the plane will disappear. The composition of space projected in two dimensions by a horizontal section can be replaced by an exact calculation of the construction.

The euclidian mathematics will no longer serve us, the thing will be more easily done with the aid of non-euclidian estimates, in four dimensions.

10 Time and space: The new architecture does not reckon only with space but also with time as an architectural value. Unity of space and of time gives to the architectural appearance a new and plastic aspect and one more complete. (The aspect-plastic, fourth dimension of space-time.)

11 The new architecture is anti-cubist, that is to say, the different spaces are not compressed into a closed cube. On the contrary, the different cells of the spaces (the volumes of the balconies etc.) are developed from the centre to the periphery of the cube by which the dimensions of height, of width, of depth and time receive a new plastic expression. Thus the modern house will give the impression of being suspended or of hovering in the air, contrary to natural gravitation.

12 Symmetry and Repetition: The new architecture has done away with monotonous repetition and has destroyed the equality of the two halves, symmetry. It does not recognize repetition in continuance, no "streetwall" or normalisation. A block of houses is as much of a whole as an independent house.

In place of symmetry the new architecture proposes the balanced relationship of unequal parts; that is to say the parts of which are different (in position, measure, proportion, etc.) through their functional character.

13 Frontalisme: Contrary to frontalisme, begun by a static conception of life, the new architecture will have a great richness through the plastic development in space-time.

14 The new architecture has done away with the individual expression of painting, that is to say the imaginary and illusory expression of harmony,

the picture like an individual "poem," indirectly with naturalistic forms or more directly, constructed by coloured planes. The new architecture uses colour organically in itself. Colour is one of the elementary means of rendering visible the harmony of architectural relationships.

Without colour these relationships of proportions have no reality and it is by colour that architecture becomes the achievement of all the plastic attempts as well in space as in time. In a neutral, achromatic architecture the balance of the relationships between the architectural elements is invisible. That is why we have always sought the finished thing: a picture (on the wall) or a piece of sculpture in space. There was always a dualism in which the aesthetic life and the real life were separated. The suppression of this dualism has already been for a long time the mission of all the artists.

In a stage following the development of architecture the colour can be replaced by denaturalised materials (business of the chemists!) but always in relation to utility.

15 Decoration: The new architecture is anti-decorative. Colour has no ornamental value but is an elementary means of architectural expression.

16 Architecture as a synthesis of the new plastic construction: In the new conception of architecture the structure of the edifice is subordinated. It is only through the collaboration of all the plastic arts that architecture completes itself.

The neo-plastician is convinced of the need to construct in the domain of space-time and this supposes the predisposition of changing into the fourth dimension of space-time.

For the new architecture permits no imagination, its aim is to create all at once a harmony, only with the proper means. Each architectural element contributes to create a maximum of plastic expression upon a logical and practical base.

Since 1916 these ideas have been put into practice and thanks to the directing thought of "De Stijl" there are already in existence many modern edifices.

The leaders of this new movement were Robert van t' Hoff, J. J. Poud and Jan Wils.

The first works were unfortunately not entirely free from tradition. They were still a little too monumental, heavy, static and closed. But in spite of this, these houses and buildings, frankly built on a solid base, launched a period in which architecture can be developed.

Thanks to these pioneers, those who followed, G. Rietveld, W. V. Lensden, Van Eesteren and the author of the present article, can develop a creative architecture.

Upheld by an enthusiasm gained by many years of serious work, and with a complete optimism, in contrast to the pessimism of futurism, dadaism and surrealism, they are solving the problem of a constructive and collective art.

Paris, 1924.

THEO VAN DOESBURG

VOORBIJTREKKENDE TROEP

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I. K. BONSET

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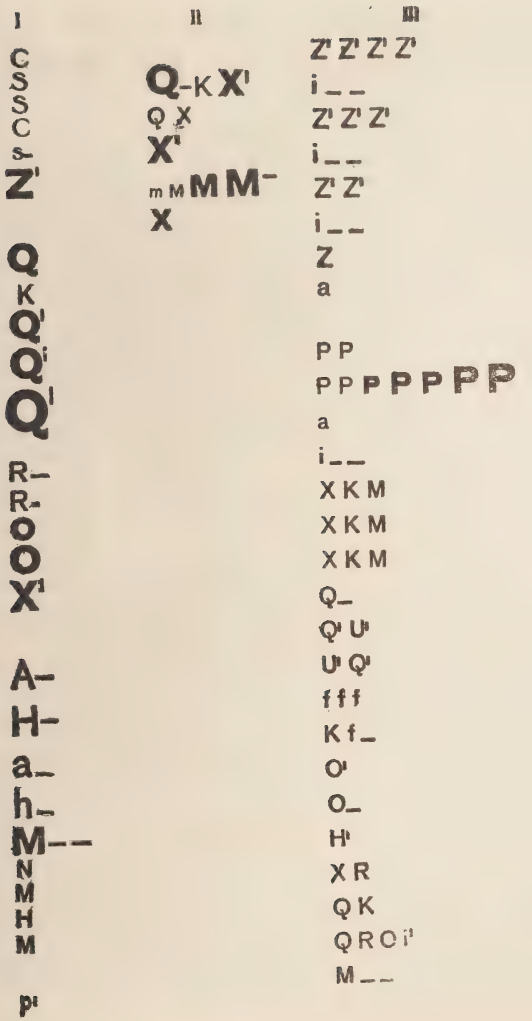
I. K. BONSET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I. K. BONSET

THE LITERATURE OF THE ADVANCE GUARD IN HOLLAND

HOLLAND IS a country of pretentious and rigorous conservatism. Any new blooming, no matter what its nature is systematically opposed by the journalists. They are satisfied only when they succeeded in exiling the representative personalities of the advance guard. In this way we lost our outstanding artists (Jongkind, Maris, Israëls, van Gogh, Thorn Prikker, Van Dongen, Mondriaan). They were forced to develop their talent and win respect for their art elsewhere before Holland took them seriously. In literature, however, it was not possible to flee into a foreign country for the simple reason that poets and writers remain bound to their own language. This battle had to be fought upon native soil and it is not in the least astonishing that the struggle in the literary domain was bitter and is not yet over. The literary campaign, which is still fresh in the memory of self-sufficient Holland, was stamped the "movement of '80' " or the "movement of the 'Nieuwe Gids' ". However weak this movement appears in comparison with the fight being waged at this moment in the world, by the enormous phalanx of the avance guard, it was a literary revolution reduced to Dutch proportions. And it is on this memorable event that we are still feeding. Every periodical is constantly warming up the egg of "80" and delighting in the remains left by Gorter, Van Deyssel, Kloos, Van Eeden, etc.

But remember that this movement which created an organ, "De Nieuwe Gids," in 1885 defended a tendency which had already lapsed in France: naturalism in prose; lyric sentimentalism in poetry. Yes, there was always an amiable fight on for the worn-out literary coat of Zola, for the shirt of Keats-Shelley, for the old shoes of the Goncourt.

This celebrated movement of the "80" was brought about by the admiration which the sonnets of Jacques Perk aroused, and by the really revolutionary (romantic) temperament of Multatuli. The art of Jacques Perk was not original at all and his cycle of sonnets "Mathilde," his best known work, was but another imitation of Keats-Shelley. It was scarcely more than the diletantism of a student in love, with a feminine softness and an outrageous sentimentality. These are in fact the characteristics of this whole school, which, based upon the natural lyric sensation, moved within the limits of an outworn prosody. "Mei," the famous work of Gorter was an exception to this rule. There was a person who created his own rhythm while breaking with syntax and who sang with an heroic spontaneity. But it was only with the appearance of the principal figure of the movement, Lodewyk Van Deyssel, that a centre was created about which there could group themselves the young figures who were beginning the fight against literary dogmatism. Van Deyssel was the support and the strength of this movement which has since degenerated into conceited journalism (De Meester, Van Hulzen, Reyneke

van Stuwe) or into a kind of literary knitting (Querido). The magazine "De Nieuwe Gids," which represented the new currents of this time (impressionism, symbolism and **sensitivism** decreed by Van Deyssel himself) is now the most conservative organ in the literary world. It is even distanced by "De Gulden Winckel" and "De Gids," the preeminent Dutch review, which owes its existence to the abundant leisure of our venerable Potgieter.

The attempts of those young people who wished to create a new literature in the socialist spirit (Adema van Scheltema, Henriette Roland-Holst etc.) had to fail for the simple reason that they were no more free from the sentimental conception of life than those whom they fought. In vain did the poet Albert Verwey attempt to escape from the "movement of the 'Nieuwe Gids,' " (the poet who openly expressed his admiration for Kandinsky and cubism, who published in 1916 articles upon the "new movement in painting," by the author of the present essay, and who did not conceal his enthusiasm in the last case even in spite of the scorn with which these articles were received by nearly everyone. He tried to assemble in his magazine "De Beweging" the young literary forces and his failure was due simply to the non-existence of young talent. "Het Getij," a magazine created at the beginning of the war, did not know how to realize in its columns the new thought or the new way of seeing. They remained true to the recipes of the literary papas: Willem Kloos and Van Deyssel and more than one young spirit attracted by the title "Het Getij" (The Tide) and filled with the new spirit sent in work only to find it flowing back into his own letter box.

It was only in 1917 when the magazine "De Stijl" was founded (which has since became a movement of international significance and general influence), that the new conception of life and of art was realized. Strategic causes as well as economic helped, for suddenly the most distinguished personalities in every country understood that Holland was to fulfil a mission, was to contribute an international artistic vitality. It was with this end in view that "De Stijl" was founded and however scornful the attitude of Holland toward this experiment, this magazine, which has been appearing regularly now for seven years, has been received in all the artistic centres of Europe with sympathy and enthusiastic approbation. For the first time since the "movement of '80,' " there appeared in this organ controversial articles and this at a moment when other countries, economically exhausted, were forced to keep silent. It published for the first time the literary manifesto of the advance guard, which was reproduced by many French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Belgian magazines. Below is a translation of this manifesto.

Manifesto II of "De Stijl" 1920

LITERATURE

The organism of our contemporary literature still rests upon the sentimentality of a weakened generation

The Verb is Dead

The naturalistic clichés and the dramatic verbal films
that the manufacturers of books furnish us by the metre and by the

pound
contain no new champions of life
The Verb is Powerless
The asthmatic and sentimental poetry of "moi et elle"
which still rages everywhere
especially in Holland
under the influence of a timorous individualism
rotting with the past
fills us with disgust
The psychology in our novels
resting only upon the subjective imagination
psychological analysis
and encumbering rhetoric
have also abolished **The Sense of the Verb**
this sterile construction
in which the realists of the past reduced
their impressions to the smallness of themselves
are entirely insufficient and powerless to
express the collective experiences of our time
like the old conception of life
the books are based upon **Length and Duration**
they are
Dull
the new conception of life is based upon
Depth and Intensity
so we wish poetry
to construct in a literary way
the many events
in us and through us
it is necessary that the word
be reestablished according to the sense and the sound
If
in the old poetry
the intimate sense of the word is lost
by the domination of relative and subjective impressions
we wish by every means at our disposition
  syntax
  prosody
  typography
  arithmetic
  orthography
to give to the verb a new sense and a new force of expression
the dualism of prose and of verse can not persist
the dualism of form and of meaning can not remain
for that form will have for the modern writer a directly spiritual
sense
he will not describe an action

he will describe nothing at all
he will content himself with **Writing**
He will Recreate in the Verb whatever Collective Thing the Action has:
The Constructive Unity of Meaning and of Form
We count upon the moral and aesthetic support of all those who work for the renovation of the world
Leiden, April 1920

Theo Van Doesburg
Piet Mondariaan
Anthony Kok

It was also in "De Stijl" that the first verses of I. K. Bonset appeared, work which was reproduced in official organs—they gave entire columns to it only from the need to show their ignorance in sterile sarcasm. Another collaborator of "Stijl" Piet Mondriaan, appeared in "De Nieuwe Amsterdammer" with his Parisian sketches "Les Grands Boulevards" of which Van Deyssel gave an extended study in "De Nieuwe Gids." The publication of these "Sketches," which were of great importance to the renewal of Dutch letters, had to be suspended because they gave insomnia to the editor of "Nieuwe Amsterdammer." Anthony Kok published cubist verses in "Holland Express" (1917).

I myself published some modern prose in "Het Getij," among other things, "Expressionist compositions," "Culture of the Gods" "The Volunteer" and "The Black Spot" while I had already published in 1913, in the weekly "Eenheid," some futurist dreams.

The "Oorlogsverzen in staccato" of A. H. Feis published in 1914 was noticed by the poet Penning and appreciated by Albert Verwey.

THEO VAN DOESBURG

THE READER CRITIC

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

B. H., *New York:*

DID you ever notice that there's a kind of Exhibitionism about the people who read the American Mercury? They've got to show that they read it . . . because they are such big boobs they don't dare not to read it. You see them on Fifth Avenue carrying it under their arms . . . not one copy but two, one under each arm . . . they wear them now instead of spats.

QUITE TRUE

"Up-State" Editor:

THE New Little Review is an amazing performance. From first to last it has a plot, a design, a sound-sequence and architecture! Never have I seen such a sustained divergent conglomeration pile up into such a unified structure . . . But why tell you what you already know—or was it just instinctive orientation, as opposed to cold calculation, that produced this magazine? I must say that Gertrude Stein is either writing differently or we're reading more penetratingly: with all of our senses—the "comments" following directly after have an incandescent effect—re-read the Juan Gris, after reading them, is my advice to "those who want to know." And the photograph placed where it is, the Rotten Corpse translation and the Trans. Review quotation, the Americana sword, etc. etc. into details—to bow before the Editorial Understanding that built the Juan Gris Number.

The National Weaklies: The Nation, The New Republic, Judge, Life, Liberty and the pursuit of The New Yorker.

COMMENT

H. F., *Detroit.*

I have been going to write you to say that I think the Autumn 1924 Winter 1925 Number is one of the best you have ever gotten out—the literary part especially. "Mr. and Mrs. Elliot" is a peach of a story; I haven't seen its equal in a long time. I also like McAlmon's poems, and the little "LeSinge et le Singe." I agree to some extent with the opinions in "A Rotten Corpse;" and you certainly rang the bell with your comment on "The Tattooed Countess."

I hope things are going better with the magazine.

"LITTLE REVIEW: WORKSHOP OF ARTISTS"

I. S., *New York*

OF ULYSSES it is now too late for me to write. Joyce has been written of and about, and at, far too much since I made my rash promises. It would no longer serve any real purpose. Joyce has carried everything before him. Everybody is now the original Joyce-man, and first and foremost is Ernest Boyd, which makes it unanimous. What more could any one say?

I had meant to let you know how well I like the latest issue of the Little Review, but because I wanted to say a great deal, I said nothing.

Your latest issue is the most successful that I can recall reading. I am using the word "successful" in the sense in which the Dial, for instance,

LES PLEUREUSES (1924) BY SUZANNE ROGER

LES FOUGÈRES (1924) BY SUZANNE ROGER

never was successful and may never hope to be, though aiming at the same general result. The Dial is an endowed institution; and, in addition, its heart is in the right place—both fatal diseases. It is indulgent with art and artists beyond reason, taste and discretion; its patience is inexhaustible; and not only is it infinitely patient with art and artists, but it is even patient with its own patience. It is determined that when the role will be called up yonder it shall be among those present. And this, not being themselves dirt artists, is for them a most trying resolution to live up to and with. For they can never feel quite certain that they are not being hoaxed or imposed upon, which they must dread above all things. Consequently, they must buy only sure things, and must help only those who can well help themselves. Inevitably, their final product is sane, sound and substantial. They must give good value for the money, even though they are never quite sure that they are getting it. The L. R. is free of all these. It is in actual fact an artists' work shop, in which the failures and rejects are frequently more interesting than the objects bought up by captains of industry. The L. R. is the work shop and catch-all of dirt artists, with all and sundry pressing their noses against its window-panes. The latest issue, is, to my thinking, fully and precisely what it always should be.

A number of your contributers, to my thinking, miss their aim; and with some the result is insignificant "unimportant, if true." But some of them are not merely good of their own kind, but good regardless of kind or class. "Downtown" is one of these. I was glad to see it done in that manner and done so well. He did put it over. "Mr. and Mrs. Elliot" is written with a very nice sense for the dictionary values of the words employed. Every word was chosen and placed with great care and understanding. And precisely for that reason it fails to satisfy the whole of me. It is a rational product; its fun is all rational. It has about it, for me, the cleanliness peculiar to a chemical laboratory. Its effect is that of a fine piece of craftsmanship. I should have enjoyed it far better had it been more vulgar or more romantic.

To my opinion, Sherwood Anderson was much over-praised, and I am still of that opinion. No significant result can ever be achieved by the process of association of ideas and moods merely. Sherwood Anderson is fundamentally in error when he believes that the flow, when it is living and variable, is fully formed primarily, and can be recomposed and altered only to its injury. He believes this because he will not be found by the conditions of his mystery. But the falsity of his belief is becoming more evident, to me at least, with every new thing that he writes. It is all over every page, almost, of "A Story Teller's Story," and it was evident in "Windy McPherson's Son," "Winesburg, Ohio," and in "The Triumph of the Egg." As I have written in the L. R. some years ago, there are two classes of American writers: those who have nothing to say and say it well, and those who have much to say, but don't know how. Sherwood Anderson and Theodore Dreiser both belong to the latter class. And because I believe that Sherwood Anderson will never learn the writer's craft, I believe that he will never rise above his present position as a writer—in English. That, I believe to be a necessary distinction. For I believe that he is one of the writers who improve with trans-

lation, if the job of translating is done at all well. It does not surprise me to find him lauded to the skies in non-English languages for that very reason.

THAT DIFFERENTNESS!

"One of the Great Stores of America," Los Angeles:

> Robinson's prefer that differentness which is achieved by painstakingly doing things better to that which consists of mere calculated conspicuousness : : : : :

This was achieved by eating the yolk of a very hard-boiled egg while turning somersaults.

WHICH TIME WAS HE RIGHT?

H. S. C., *Art News—Paris Letter:*

> IT may be that I have seen not merely dozens but hundreds of examples of the Art of M. Utrillo; I flattered myself I knew it well enough to be able to speak of it with some authority, and I must confess that my esteem for it was not very high. I remember having said in one of these articles that I considered his importance greatly exaggerated by the dealers and the praise showered on him by certain critics excessive. I wondered what mirage had dazzled those who compared, not only to Pissarro and to Sisley, but even to Velasquez and Vermeer, his poor little houses, clumsily drawn and painted in crudest tones, the hardness of which was still further accentuated by a preponderating use of black. An exhibition of earlier works of Maurice Utrillo at M. Hoderbert Gallery, which has just ended, has proved to me that the praises won by this artist were not in the least exaggerated, and that Utrillo has in fact *been* (italics the writer's, not mine) a painter worthy of front-rank place. . . . . .
>
> Recently at the Hotel Drouot a Utrillo was sold for more than 17,000 francs, the highest price he has yet attained at a public sale, and a very high price for an artist who has scarcely yet reached his fortieth year."

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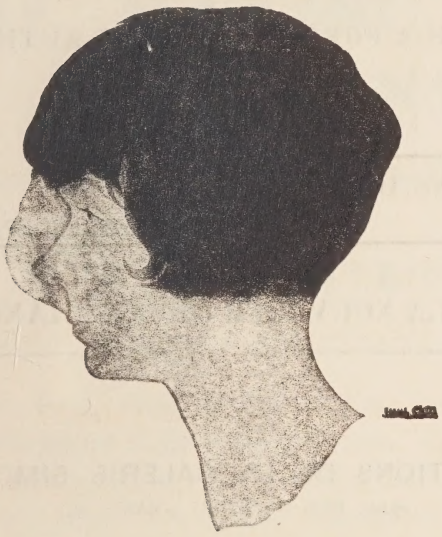

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